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includes a dyke detective.



THE **Body Politic** \$1

AUGUST 1978 **GAY LIBERATION JOURNAL**



It was a bad week for Lyn MacDonald.
She was handed her separation certificate
— and her eviction notice.
Then she decided to do something about it.

"Due to the fact you being a lesbian..."

by Chris Bearchell



For two weeks prior to Thursday, June 1st, Lyn MacDonald was a full-time clerk at Master Variety Store in London, Ontario. On that day she was fired.

"Everything had been going fine," Lyn remembers, "I had been told that I was a good, hard worker and that the boss was pleased with me. That day I was out having lunch with the boss' wife when she started pushing birth control on me. She was quite persistent, and a bit prying, so I told her that I didn't have any personal need for birth control. She asked me why and I told her I was gay. She was very good about it, but after lunch she told her husband. When I went to do my till at the end of the day, he handed me my separation slip. I asked him what was going on. He said, 'I don't have to tell you.' I asked, 'Would it have anything to do with your wife telling you I'm gay?' He said, 'Yeah, that's the reason. Now get out of here.'"

How did Lyn respond? "When I found out that really was the reason, I was stunned and angry. That night I told some friends; by the next day it was all over town."

On Monday Lyn and Eileen Renton, both members of the London Lesbian Collective, had been planning to put together the LLC's newsletter. "We decided to run off a thousand leaflets while we were at it. Telling people what had happened and asking them to boycott the store. Then we stuffed them in all the mail boxes in the area. I called the press, and the next day, Tuesday, we had a picket line. London's first gay picket. There were about ten of us there consistently — and as many as fifteen at times."

Even though dykes made up a clear majority of the picket line, that first day they were denounced as faggots. On the second day, at least one man figured out that he was confusing the sexes and began calling them "cunt lappers." The reactions of passers-by weren't all hostile. In fact, as Lyn explained, "Most people were indifferent — they just wanted to go in and get their shopping done — but there were a number of people who took the leaflet, read it, and then said, 'Well, I'm not shopping here.'"

And how did Byron Craughten, the store owner, react? He told the press August 1978

that business was booming. But he also tried, unsuccessfully, to get an injunction to stop the picketing. "When the picketing first started we were on the sidewalk moving around so we wouldn't block anyone. Craughten came speeding down Central Avenue and turned into the driveway, just missing me by about three inches. It was an obvious attempt to scare the shit out of me. If he'd stepped back at that point, I would have been under his wheels. He was screaming out of the window, 'I didn't fire you because you're gay, I fired you because you're an asshole and a trouble-maker!'"

I asked Lyn what response London's first militant gay action received from the media. "Local London TV did a taped interview with me and showed some footage of the picket line itself. Two radio stations came by. Each time Craughten was interviewed his story changed. The first time he said, 'Yes, because she was gay that I fired her, but it was mainly because she couldn't get the prices right.' I'd worked there only two weeks, and he'd been telling me the whole time what a good worker I was. To the next reporter he said that I was rude to people, that I had been discussing my sexuality with long-time customers. Can't you just see me bagging milk and bread and talking about lesbian sex with the little old lady around the corner?"

"The second day we were out picketing, the store's part-time clerk — an older woman — came up to me with an instamatic camera, stuck it in my face and took a picture. She said, 'This is for my granddaughter. I want to show her what a woman looks like who kisses another woman's ass.' So I said, 'Fine, I hope your granddaughter's gay,' and she went into the store. Then she stood there in front of an all-glass door sticking her ass at us. We stayed very calm, just walking around in a circle. The she whipped up her top and pulled down her pants. Some kids were hanging around. They'd been calling us faggots and stuff, but they weren't really all that bad, merely just curious. When this woman did her indecent exposure thing they were really freaked out. I mean, they'd been buying their jubbies from her for years."

What kind of legal advice has Lyn

had? "I've checked with a sympathetic lawyer every step of the way. So far I've had sound and free advice."

I asked if she had approached the Ontario Human Rights Commission. "Just the local branch, and they seemed very supportive as individuals, but gay people aren't protected by the Code, so all they could do was try to use moral suasion on the ex-boss. What a laugh! They don't have any real power to do anything."

"The day after I was on TV, I started getting hang-up phone calls. That same day the superintendent came to get to my apartment and told me to get out because I was boarding a friend's cat for the summer. I said I'd get rid of the cat. He said I still had to go. When I pressed him for a reason he said, 'You're the lesbian I saw on TV.' I asked him to put it in writing. So he did. The eviction notice read: 'Dear Miss MacDonald, Due to the fact that you being a lesbian I have to ask you to move by July 31st, 1978.'"

"I found out when I checked with our lawyer that the super certainly hadn't given 'just cause', or sixty days notice. He kept coming up every day and bothering me. He'd shout at my friends or call me names. Around the end of the week, the owner of the building came by and said he'd heard I had a cat and had damaged the place. I told him to get the superintendent off my back. He said he would. Everything's been okay since. Even the phone calls have stopped."

It hasn't been easy for Lyn to get support. As she noted, "If it had been a career I'd lost or a really good job, more people would have been concerned. The consequences of the incident have been serious for her. 'I've always been aware that someday I could lose my job because I'm a homosexual, but I wouldn't have believed I'd be standing in front of a TV camera saying it. As far as getting another job goes, things look really dim because I have a record. I've been there and didn't like what I saw. My personal goal was to get in as a guard and try to move up into the administrative levels. I had an interview the week before all this happened, with the head of the London Jail and I think it went really well. Now, after becoming a public lesbian, I think my chances are

probably shot. Prisons just don't hire homosexuals."

Lyn went on to describe how her firing had led to the formation of a militant gay organization in London called the Gay Activist Group for Equality (GAGE). "This was the first instance in London where anyone has ever stood up and said they wouldn't take that kind of thing. About ten of us got together and said, 'Hey, this happens all the time, it's just that there's no one to do anything about it.' Since the picket, three people in GAGE who all work for the same company have been harassed. One was fired, the other two threatened for supporting the demo. Another woman's former lover had been forced to resign from a nursing job because she was gay. We'd seen too much of this and decided that a public, action-oriented gay group was needed. There are other organizations in town — the London Lesbian Collective and the Homophile Association of London Ontario (HALO) — but they aren't militant or public enough. They've given us moral support and that's important, but when you're trying to organize a picket line you need to know you can count on people for more than that."

Some time between late August and early October, Anita Bryant is scheduled to appear in London, and GAGE and the other gay organizations have become involved in a coalition with feminists to organize a response. "What we really need," Lyn emphasized, "is to have a strong gay voice in London and right now that means support from outside — other people, other groups."

What about Lyn's plans now? She said she'd be down at Canada Manpower at 8:30 the next morning. It sounded bleak. I asked her if London would ever be the same. "We hope not. We picketed for only about four hours and got a week of coverage. Even the weekend TV wrap-up focussed on the unhappy case of the 24-year-old variety store clerk who was fired for being a lesbian. It won't necessarily be easier for other people to come out, but we hope it will make other employers think twice before they fire or harass someone for being gay. They don't want to be embarrassed by a bunch of noisy picketers outside their businesses. "And we'd be glad to be there."

Editorials

What's next?

The definition of "indecent, immoral, treasonous and seditious" seems to have gotten awfully broad of late.

Canada Customs is in the habit of seizing any printed matter which, in the personal opinion of any officer, fits that vague description, one of the many prohibited categories in the Customs Act. There are no legally established criteria for deciding what these words mean. Customs officers can — and do — seize just about anything they please. The onus is then on the person for whom the material was intended to prove that he or she should be allowed to have it. That can be an expensive — and often futile — effort.

Among the latest salacious items stopped at the border was the July issue of *Christopher Street*.

Christopher Street? Surely it would be hard to find a cleaner, less "offensive" magazine than this new, York-based journal. No "dirty" pictures, hardly ever a racy bit — in all, a quite proper and respectable publication.

Except for the fact that it is gay. After all, Customs officers don't read everything that comes across the border. They spot check. Things that are addressed to gay bookstores or organizations (or for other alternative or revolutionary groups) obviously come in for special attention, while identical parcels addressed to big book chains or distributors may escape scrutiny. We, after all, are easy to recognize. And we don't have much choice.

When material is stopped, Customs is supposed to notify the addressee and provide information on the right and the method — of appeal. Lately it seems they're too busy even for that: many people report that subscription copies of magazines and newspapers simply aren't arriving, even though the publishers confirm that they're being sent. Someone in the Post Office/Customs bureaucracy must be amassing quite a collection of "dangerous" literature.

What is suffering as this collection grows is, quite simply, the right to read material which does not bear an official government seal of approval.

Moreover, Customs is not the only agency pushing to narrow the field of "allowable" reading matter. Ontario's family-man attorney-general, Roy McMurtry, has long been allied with provincial and municipal police forces in a highly-publicized — and, he must assume, politically profitable — campaign to squelch "pornography" — including this paper. If freedom of expression is eroded in the process, well, that's unfortunate (but if that's the price we have to pay to keep this filth from our children...).

When the federal Parliament reconvenes in the fall it will consider new legislation aimed at curbing pornography and prostitution. Or so they say. The new powers granted to police and the courts to facilitate this "clean-up" are considerable. And frightening.

In many communities, fundamentalist groups like Renaissance Canada are having success getting "controversial" reading matter out of the public schools. Hemmingsway, Salinger, Alice Munro and Margaret Laurence are disappearing from the libraries, eased out by timid principals and trustees acting under the force of law but out of simple fear. It's book-burning time again.

All this is happening in the name of decency. And no one is really doing anything about it. Civil liberties and human rights groups in this country are few in number, not strong and often reluctant to touch emotionally charged issues like censorship or pornography — or the "protection" of all of us from "indecentcy." Even when they do speak up, no one in the government pays much attention. Appeals to fear and ignorance seem to generate more votes than concern for abstractions like civil rights.

Gay people are prime objects of fear and ignorance — and worse. When simply being gay is enough to seal a perfectly proper, polite magazine like *Christopher Street* at the border, it's time to speak up.

And not politely. ☐

This Issue

Cold gruel

Once a year, for almost as many years as *TBP* has been in existence, we have devoted a good part of an issue to coverage of the annual national conference of lesbians and gay men. The first of these gatherings was held in Quebec City in 1973. The most recent one in Halifax was the sixth.

Reporting these conferences has always been a trial. *TBP* is, by its very nature, both participant and observer — our involvement as a gay organization is recognized to be actual, our coverage is expected to be "objective" nonetheless.

That balance, however, is not the only one we have to strike. We also have to consider that, to most gay people, extended reports on workshops, plenaries, voting schemes, resolutions and floor fights are about as appealing as cold gruel. These things are important, of course if it's good for you — eat it, but I would be both arrogant and stupid for us to roll out detail after detail and then sneer down our noses at those who choose to be bored. If they're bored they'll go away. Tough luck.

For us,

it's hard to comprehend how something so thrilling — the excitement of holding hands on the street, the joy of being surrounded and supported by people you love and trust, the sheer rush of strength that comes from being out and alive and unafraid — can be made boring. A lot of people in the gay movement are very good at it, nonetheless.

This issue, we tried not to be good at it. Procedural details of the conference have been kept to a minimum; we concentrated instead on analysis of what worked and what didn't — and why. Those involved in the proceedings at Halifax may feel we left important things out. Maybe so, but what we have tried to emphasize is the strength and vitality of the people who were there.

And that is very much part of the real news. ☐

Letters

Disgusting comics

I was very disgusted with the "comics" in your May issue. Especially the one with the McCar's innuendoing themselves in a wash room. Why is it that a gay newspaper has to ridicule the gay Church? Is it because you are so politically correct — so far to the left that there is no room for gay christian groups in your paper?

Do you realize that this has resulted in two groups of people pulling their ads from your Community Page, as well as cancelling their personal subscriptions to *TBP*?

I suggest that in the future that you leave out the comics and put in more news from Western Canada.

Charles Thompson
Husker, AB

In defence of monogamy

OK, out there!!!

I'm tired of your silly form of bigotry and your sneaky little ways of saying that my form of sexuality (for you seem to want to make it distinct from the blessed state of "gayness") is not worthy of the title "gay." I'm not sure of the roots of your fixation of persecuting monogamous (shudder) homosexuals. I've tried to understand that and I've never been able to understand persecution solely on the basis of sexuality or lifestyle. Perhaps you see us as a danger and are using the press and television as a weapon to fan the fires of discrimination ... It's been done before!

So you think that we "carbon copy" heterosexual marriages? So you think "love/drom" is some form of neurotic straightness leaching out of our poor little psyches? We are not that sad and our lifestyle not that sortid. In fact, I think I enjoy check it out with whatever psychiatric association you like you will find that the basis of your antagonism is fear. The sure are all lies, we don't need to be protected from non-monogamous types in bars, neither do we wish to convert all your youths and associates into "love/drom" (which I think is the current slur you use).

What can I tell you about us? I do not that there are those of us who have sicko relationships, but I remind you that there are elements of your own society which is as bad well.

Maybe you can't see us but we are there!!! We even march with you. Heh heh heh this could be fun. We even donate to your cause (a nurse, a nurse). You'll never be rid of us.

Dave and Joe
Toronto

Up yours, *TBP*

A veteran (or should I say victim?) of *60's USA* struggles, I looked to Canada and *TBP* for what burned-out *USA* could no longer provide. Into the burned out place always comes porno-mafia-fascism.

As a child, I had experience with pederasty (Jesus, all your romantic Greek fantasies — as if children were not people) but — I'd like to say I haven't had a healthy effect on my life, just as it hasn't helped any of the others — women, "the dark races," etc. — who are objectified and merchandized by the male pig, gay or straight. As an adult, I have again met self-declared pederasts and they have never been the radical or revolutionary men you'd like us to be. I've seen powerful businessmen, spoiled, unable to relate to someone who might demand give-and-take on an equal basis.

For *TBP* to become involved in justifying the way our behavior looks like nothing less than CIA or other police interference within your organization: you can detect the disease by the symptom of certain staff members who push emphatically issues which divide and dissolve the organization.

Your new *Body Politic* is very slick but I suggest you get the message. Please don't worry about ageism — don't at all mind being "left out." You've

managed to keep the sex in homosexual but you've betrayed what little feelings, love, values, respect were beginning to grow for us. In the days previous to "Gay Liberation" (two highly fictional words), there was less sanity, but once in a while there was a little human sensitivity among the same-sex-loving brothers and sisters. That sort of sensitivity has been killed and buried by our new brothers in their Nazi drag (the uniform of gay chauvinism). Up yours.

To the Happy Few! — whether purple or Jewish.

James Ellis
San Francisco

Pedophile speaks out

I feel that I must speak out. I am not surprised you received so many letters after having published the article on men/boy relationships, doing time in prison. I always assumed that they wouldn't be there if they weren't doing something wrong. It wasn't until I got arrested last July (my first arrest ever) for "child molestation." In the state of California, anyone convicted of having sex with a person under 18 is auto-matically declared to be a mentally disordered sex offender and "dangerous to the public health and safety."

There is a myth in this society that pedophilia is an inborn condition. The psychological and emotional aspects of a sexual relationship. So few realize that emotional reactions are not inborn. Upon reflection, I think that emotions are the result of the way we have been taught to feel about our natural urges. Another myth is that a juvenile and an adult cannot form a meaningful and lasting sexual relationship. In my relationships with boys, I have found that if the relationship is primarily based upon love and affection, and not just upon sex, the relationship can last. But even if it doesn't last long, it can still be fruitful. With me the boys found an outlet for their sexual urge.

They overcame doubt about their own bodies and feelings. What I gave my boys was open and honest affection. Often, that affection was returned with equal intensity. When that happened, I saw it enrich both my life and the boy's. Rape is one thing, sex is another. Sexuality is a natural biological urge common to all human beings. What is labeled "normal" and "acceptable" is dependant upon the prevailing beliefs of the society.

My attraction to young boys is a dominant one. I have never felt the need to dominate my sex partner. I have never had any difficulty in forming relationships with adults. I choose boys for their own erotic qualities.

I am trying to speak out now because I have nothing left to lose. I expect to be locked up for at least 3 or 4 years.

I urge all gay and straight people to come out asking questions about pedophilia. Maybe, someday, when we overcome our panic and are able to look at sex more honestly and objectively, we will be able to divorce it from Guilt, Shame, Inhibition, Fear, and Misunderstanding.

Chester Binner
Drawer A
Atascadero, CA 93322

Get you like to hear from anyone interested in how people doing time for my offence are treated.

Number 45 August 1978

The liberation of homosexuals

can only be the work

of homosexuals themselves."

Kurt Hillier, 1921.

Literary lynching?

Your article "Getting into Getting Sex" (TBP, June) was arranged as an "interview," but at least you had the honesty to headline it "Michael Lynch talks to author John Lee." Indeed he did: there are 130 lines of print devoted to my statements, and 230 lines to Lynch's so-called "questions."

Of course I knew his article would be unfriendly, but I hardly expected such a low bid in journalistic integrity. Some of the adjectives are breath-taking in their vituperation. Even less excusable is the transparent use of "questions" to the reader, to make unsupported (and obviously, in my mind, unsupportable) allegations, or to draw antagonistic conclusions. Example: "Isn't *Getting Sex* committed to an ageism... isn't its tone through and through condescending to every kind of gay person... except the hardened, inveterate, vulturous..." Now that's really laying it on thick, Michael Lynch!

To add insult to injury, Lynch charges me with being evasive in an article in which he has monopolized nearly two thirds of the dialogue! He lays the basis for his charges elaborately — example, the ten-line paragraph ending with the provocative "nature run in tooth and claw" — allows me two lines of reply, and then with seven lines of his attack. Some "interview!" Some editing!

Jay Scott in his *Globe and Mail* review called the book a "good news book, an antidote to the poisonous preoccupation that presents the sexually athletic as neurotic" but apparently the antidote was not strong enough to neutralize Lynch's venom, which really comes "through and through" in the "tone" of his article. But he can't find the "objective" evidence to support his animus, so he throws up his hands in a helpless gesture — "Lee has an answer to every objection. A lot more answers than I do."

I know TBP isn't enamoured of the gay bar, both and disco sex-cruising scene (to put it mildly!) and sometimes think the collective woefully out of touch with the constituency you claim to represent (and hopefully lead). But at least TBP has made some contributions to editorial and journalistic integrity. May I suggest that you exorcise those you disagree with by using some modicum of temperance and due process, instead of engaging in literary lynching?

John Lee
Toronto

I wish to congratulate John Lee on his fine book, *Getting Sex*. I agree with Michael Lynch that this book does not describe the entire gay world, but such an expectation is as unrealistic as expecting a single book to describe the entire heterosexual world. It seems we have the highest expectations for those we love most.

Lee does an admirable job of what he sets out to do, namely document the richness of gay sexual experiences. The book is a long overdue antidote to sex negativity in our society.

Brian Miller
Edmonton, AB

Michael Lynch replies:

Brian Miller is misled. *Getting Sex* does not set out to "document the richness of gay sexual experience." It confines itself to one aspect: cruising as done by the North American adult male. Lee does an admirable job of what he does set out to do: promote the roles of "hunter" and "prey."

Getting Sex has 307 pages with 34 lines of text per page. Promoting promiscuity according to the hunter/prey model, I does not give me one page to a critical questioning of this model. It does not consider other ways of defending promiscuity — as does *Fag Rag*'s Charlie Shively or John Roche. (There's a vast difference, for example, between Roche's sexhunter, who as a sexual outlaw goes after sex, and Lee's sexhunter, who as a predator goes after prey.)

Lee's book is a massive apology for the status quo of one aspect of the August 1978

ghetto. He wants to extend his system to heterosexuals, without even asking whether the hunter/prey roles won't reinforce the very male/female roles that feminism and the gay movement are challenging.

I'd argue that "journalistic integrity" in the gay press requires us to pose the tough questions, not just to produce puffery. The gay press must try to distinguish the strength and savour of gay liberation from its lies.

Tomatoes and oranges

The article which your collaborator, Ron Dayman, has devoted to one of our publications, *Sortir* (TBP June/July) deserves a response because it expresses a number of ideas completely outside of literary criticism...

1) Dayman deplores the lack of a Quebec homosexual literature and contrasts our situation with that of English Canadian homosexuals who can profit (if not from the American experience, there is in fact a homosexual literature in Quebec, but it does not express itself in the same way as the American literature. Also, if English Canadians profit from the American movement, Québécois can profit from French research... Dayman does not know much about French contributions to the subject, and consequently he cannot know that the way of thinking is different.

French sources are less concerned with an analysis of events themselves and more with an analysis of the causes... 2) Your critique argues that *Sortir* is a disappointing effort, too intellectual, directed to an elite. It is true that this book is not a work for the immediate struggle... Culture, the desire to get to the bottom of things, the care for details, has its place in every struggle. In summary, Dayman wanted our work to be a tomato and has been disappointed to find out it is an orange...

3) It must be said that *Sortir* has received here, and mostly from the homosexual milieu, the same type of criticisms. His critique could thus reflect the opinion of a part of the Québécois gay movement. But that does not bother us.

4) The most serious and fundamental point is the insulting tone of Dayman's incoherent article. On the one hand, he complains (falsely, as I have said) about the lack of Francophone and Québécois contributions to homosexual literature, and on the other hand he dumps on what he thinks are the only two available publications. In other words, he participates directly in the milieu he deplores — the lack of interest publishing houses have in this type of publication...

In fact, his critique does not give *Sortir* a chance. It is for the elite, it is intellectual, and in his way of judgement is passed... He can condemn the book without any proof other than his taste, his desire. In fact, Dayman is sexist and racist. Racism because he does not give the Quebec intellectuals the effort the thoughtful and serious analysis which it deserves. As for sexism, look how the male, the macho, the penis bears itself: the only grave fault of the book is the lack of material on female homosexuality. But he does not see that, he's too busy brandishing the big stick, like the police and like daddy.

5) *Sortir* is not a perfect book and it is true that its general tone is intellectual. We are not ashamed because, even if the fashion is the cowboy hat and the hard hat, not to mention the ragged hair and the boots, we think that there is a place for thought in our milieu, without necessarily forming an elite. After all, intellectuals are also workers... We think, quite humbly, that we have added a grain of sand or two towards an ethnology of homosexuality. But your critic probably does not understand the meaning of that word. It is, however, and only there, that an [intelligent] discussion could be started.

Jean Baille
Literary Director
Éditions de l'Aurore
Montreal

(Ed note: This is an edited and translated version of a much longer letter in French which was sent to TBP.)

"...you being a lesbian"

News feature by Chris Beatchell

For Lyn MacDonald, just being what she is meant getting a separation certificate and her eviction notice — in the same week. But no one in London — least of all her boss — expected her to do anything about it.

Pornography

A TBP Special Report

For Andrea Dworkin it's the new terrorism and must be stopped. For many of our readers, that stand raises the spectre of censorship. The debate heats up — as the government moves to broaden obscenity laws.

Gay USSR

By Angelo Pezzana

How to hold a one-man demo with nothing but a towel, a magic marker — and a lot of guts. Walter Brunsch translates the diary of the man who braved the KGB in Moscow — and lived to tell about it.

Dyke detective

Chris Beatchell interviews Eve Zaremba

A Reason to Kill may be Canada's first dyke detective novel. A look at what a feminist does to the macho world of crime fiction.

In the news

Canada this month

Canada gets a new coalition in Halifax; Bryant lands in Moose Jaw, and the Quebec Human Rights Commission brings down a verdict of guilty. International too — page 9.

Our Image

TBP Review Section

Giggie with Gotham; good gay rage with Robinson; laugh with Lear — all from our look at what's happening on page, stage and screen.

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Conference votes new structure to Canadian coalition

Delegates rescind
50% lesbian control resolution

HALIFAX — Over two hundred delegates and individuals from more than forty gay organizations across Canada met here June 28 to July 3 for the sixth annual conference of the National Gay Rights Coalition.

Although the five days of workshops and plenaries resulted in major structural changes to the organization, now called the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition (CLGRC), most delegates expressed disappointment, exhaustion and confusion as they struggled through the final turbulent plenary sessions.

"I felt totally frustrated by the whole thing," said Tom Warner, the Delegate for the Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario. "The gay movement is falling on its own sword. Instead of finding areas of agreement, we've only found new areas to disagree in."

The conference had taken as its theme: "Building solidarity against repression," and delegates were almost unanimous in their feeling that this important issue had been avoided.

Most, however, felt it was impossible to fault the host organization — Halifax's Gay Alliance for Equality. The group had prepared an ambitious program of workshops, entertainment and dances — and pulled off the amazing feat of providing simultaneous translation facilities for all major events, a service partly funded by a grant from the Secretary of State.

Robin Metcalfe, conference coordinator along with Georgina Chambers, now feels that the schedule was "overly ambitious — we tried to do everything. We should have chosen priorities and centred on a few important issues. If it had been clear that these meetings were concrete planning sessions, we might have generated a lot less heat."

Resolutions from the final plenary on Sunday spilled over into the Steering Committee meeting on Monday, and only the brilliant and ruthless chairing of Harold Desmarais (Windsor Gay Unity) prevented the final sessions from disintegrating entirely. Though most agreed such a strategy was necessary under the circumstances, some delegates found the final sessions "alienating and bureaucratic."

Wiesia Kolasinska, a delegate from the Saskatoon Gay Community Centre, resigned from that position in order to speak her mind as an individual. She said that "rules of order, bureaucracy and efficiency" have taken precedence over very real concerns being expressed by lesbians. The CLGRC is not a movement of lesbians and gay men, but a circus on par with the House of Commons.

Kolasinska was referring partly to the defeat of the 50% lesbian control resolution. That issue was one of the hottest at the conference — and its defeat upset many western delegates who felt it was a significant way of ensuring more lesbian participation in the coalition. The question was whether lesbian votes should be prorated to equal 50% of the voting power at the conference. The motion was defeated in 4/Body Politics



Clockwise from top: Harvey Hamburg of Toronto and Philip Salmon of Fredericton share a very necessary umbrella; Ralph Lesser and David Maclean of Gay Youth Toronto adopt a wanton position; and Peg McCusg of Guelph Gay Equality makes the best of being soggy.

favour of retaining a "one organization/one vote" procedure. Most delegates — including many of the women — felt that the 50% solution was tokenistic and non-democratic, and that lesbian participation had to come from a real power base.

The debate over structural changes was also marred by bitterness and a melodramatic "walkout" by *After Stonewall* delegates and supporters. The group had demanded changes in the coalition which many delegates felt were based on a misunderstanding of what the coalition actually was. Robin Metcalfe of GAE put forward that view during the conference's first workshop — his strongly worded arguments were perceived as a direct attack by many prairie delegates who were supporting the stand for substantial changes in the way the coalition should be organized.

"I feel now that I did things improperly," says Metcalfe. "I should have given the delegates concerned time to look over my views and formulate a response. But I'll stand by what I said — the demands expressed by *After Stonewall* were based on an ignorance of what the coalition had done in the past, and of what the term 'coalition'

really means."

One issue that generated little controversy (compared to last year), was the question of self-determination for Quebec. A resolution affirming Quebec's right to self-determination passed handily, and Marcel Pleau, president of the Association pour les droits des gais de Québec, stated that though he had "mixed feelings" about the conference as a whole, he was "very happy that self-determination passed with no opposition. As someone from Quebec, I sensed a very positive feeling both to Quebec and the issue. I hope to see a lot of francophone delegates at next year's conference in Ottawa."

Gay youth were at the conference in greater numbers than ever before — as one delegate put it, "You know you have to take them seriously now because they're getting ornery and making demands." The youth sexuality workshop was one of the more enlightening, and the group demanded — and won — the right to have two gay youths on the newly formed executive committee of the CLGRC.

For the first time, the other victims of ageism — older lesbians and gay men — conducted separate workshops on

the problems and rewards of getting old and gay. As Elgin Blair of Gay Equality Mississauga put it — "Neither the young nor the old were adequately dealt with — but at least we've made a beginning."

There was a march of over 150 on Canada Day in the pouring rain; there were nightly performances of "The Night They Raided Truxx"; there was Jim MacSwain's extraordinary one-man show, "The Bearded Lady"; there were nightly forays to the Turret for dancing and beer; there were the friendly and generous Halifaxians.

There was disappointment — the conference did fail to develop its central theme: building solidarity against repression. Bob Cook of Vancouver's Gay Alliance Toward Equality was more hopeful — "any conference at least demonstrates the potential of a movement: where we can be going. There's a tendency to impatience — we've been engaged in this for years and haven't reached our goals. What's required is faith in our goals — there's no easy road to liberation. We draw strength from the small but significant gains made by a few, and envision what can be accomplished by the many." □

"We've created a machine for the passing of resolutions. Two years from now, you won't be able to tell us from the NDP."

Focus and fun

Commentary by Gerald Hannon

The 1977 conference delegates in Saskatoon passed about thirty resolutions. In Halifax, delegates were asked to consider over 70 — everything from substantive, controversial resolutions to "apple pie" notions with which every one could agree — but on which almost everyone felt he or she had something to say.

As one delegate noted, "We've created a machine for the passing of resolutions. Two years from now, you won't be able to tell us from the NDP." Not a pleasant prospect. In the past, these annual gatherings of gay people from across the country have served both as valuable business sessions, and as exhilarating affirmations of our gayness and the movement that supports and develops it.

Halifax had its successes; had its light moments. But there were fewer of them. And many delegates were compelled to find what humour they could in the sheer ghastliness of endless business sessions, missed lunches, disrupted timetables and lukewarm rhetoric.

What went wrong?

Part of it was organizational — as David Germaine of Gays of Ottawa put it, "The conference quickly became a procedural and organizational nightmare — people kept losing track of the central issues they came to discuss. We're going to have to find a solution to procedural problems that won't stifle discussion, and will allow us to get down to the real issues."

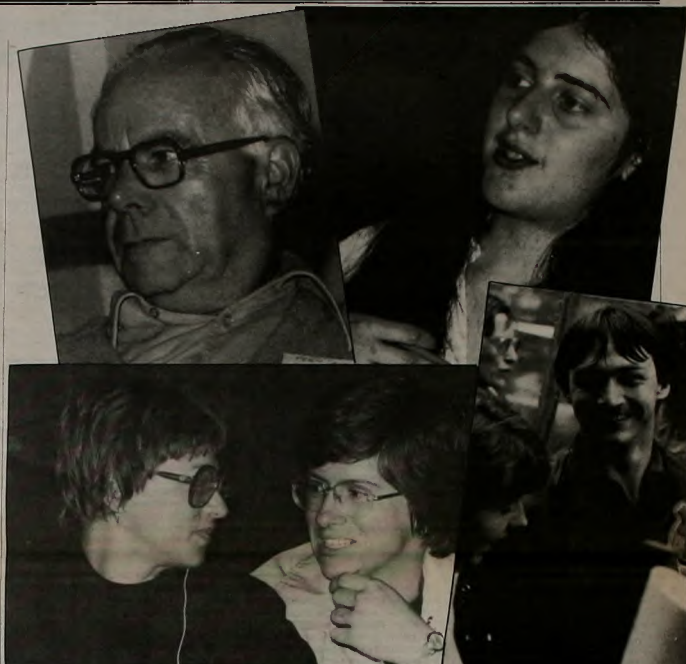
That kind of problem is fairly easily solved. Delegates can be asked ahead of time to agree on rules of order. Walter Davis of After Stonewall has suggested that each conference should have an elected leadership to whom people with basic problems and questions could turn — and that sounds like a good idea. It would help free the chair, and place the burden of solving technical disputes on more than one person.

The real problems are deeper ones. Though it may sound trivial, conferences should be fun. They should be times when people starved for gay community can wallow in it — they should be times when you can talk gay, set gay, be gay 24-hours a day and every where, from the conference room to the local straight pub that wouldn't dare throw out the 20 rambunctious dykes and jags that just descended on it. And there should be the chance to catch up through all 9 provinces and Quebec. But not happen if conferences are scheduled as tightly as Halifax's — five days of workshops packed in hour after hour that left delegates bleary-eyed and yawning nothing more than a chance to get eight hours sleep — alone.

There should be more free time — more time for cultural events, more time for wandering, more time for getting together, more time for cruising.

One delegate wondered aloud whether two conferences might be necessary — one that had fun, and one that dealt with issues that a national co-ordinating body would logically deal with.

That shouldn't be necessary — if a conference does restrict itself to issues that would logically concern a national co-ordinating body. There are a very few such issues: they relate to actions co-ordinated on a national scale and to lobbying efforts directed at federal legislation. All other issues are properly the concerns of individual groups — and should be dealt with by those groups. Workshops are the places to exchange information on the way groups and individuals have dealt with things like ageing, sexism, drag, sissyhood and so on. Workshops are



Clockwise from top left: Frank Smith was attending his first gay conference, and is caught here during the workshop on older gays. That event attracted about half a dozen older gays and a number of interested young people — all of whom were getting older by the minute and glad to hear there was no truth in the tired old claim that "nobody loves you when you're old and gay." Liz Bailton from Montreal is actively involved in the defence of the Truxx accused. "Gay is wet but gay is proud" — the downpour which soaked marchers on Canada Day didn't dampen this man's spirits. Bee Baker and Rose Stanton from Lesbians of Ottawa Nov (LOON) confer during the debate on the 50% lesbian control resolution.

the places to exchange tactical advice on how best to advance the struggles of lesbian mothers, of groups lobbying for rights code changes, of gay people working in unions. Delegates should approach the CLGRC only if their deliberations persuade them that a country-wide action is necessary and must be co-ordinated, or if some strategy must be developed to deal with federal legislation.

Such a focus would test groups who do not appear to be truly interested in the goals of a co-ordinated national gay effort. And some of those groups were part of the problem at Halifax.

Wages Due Lesbians were part of the problem. Although most people felt they had discredited themselves last year in Saskatoon, they were back this year with an American gay male supporter to lobby for resolutions like: "we oppose sexual coercion — a straight or gay."

Such a resolution concedes that Anita Bryant has a point. Such a resolution is necessary, according to Wages Due spokesperson Ellen Agger, because mothers everywhere have a right to be afraid when "a kid on Yonge Street gets murdered by three faggots." When they make statements like that, Wages Due begins to sound suspiciously like Bryant herself.

Such concerns are largely opposed to the interests of the gay community, and come from a group that joined the coalition at the last minute and with no proven history of any contribution to the

goals of a national gay rights movement. There should be a means of revoking membership in the coalition — something the soon-to-be-formed executive committee should concern itself with.

Perhaps that won't be necessary. The prospect of such groups finding themselves at a conference where they are forced to address issues of national

Resolution wrap-up

Highlights of decisions made by delegates to the sixth annual gay rights conference in Halifax.

1. The name of the organization has been changed from the National Gay Rights Coalition to the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition — a change reflecting increased political activity by lesbians and Quebecots. The new structure calls for an executive committee with two members, one male and one female, from Coalition groups in each of the following regions: BC, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and the Atlantic provinces. The location of the co-ordinating office is to be decided each year — for 1978-79 it will remain in Ottawa.

2. Delegates voted to rescind the 50% lesbian control resolution passed last year. What was rejected was the idea of prorating lesbian votes to ensure them 50% voting control. The issue was a troublesome one for all delegates, and there were strong lesbian voices both for and against this move. Women who argued that rejection of the motion would be a sign of a lesbian movement with real strength succeeded in winning delegates to their side, however, and the "fifty percent solution" failed.

strategy, and where they can't divert discussion toward their own sectarian concerns, may be enough to convince them simply to stay home.

Clear procedural guidelines, fun, and a tight focus on issues proper of concern to a national co-ordinating effort. It's the formula for a successful conference — and a successful Canadian coalition. □

3. Delegates voted to support Quebec's right to self-determination.
4. A Canadian day of protest is to be organized to coincide with the Body Politic trial. The protest will focus on police repression. In Quebec, it will centre around the plight of the accused in the Truxx trial.

5. The conference reaffirmed its stand against any form of obscenity legislation, and voted to make that stand part of its public program.
6. A travel organization fund is to be set up to assist delegates travelling from distant provinces. Priority is to be given to lesbians, Québécois lesbians, and gay youth — in that order.

Individuals interested in a complete list of resolutions should contact: CLGRC, Box 2919, Stn D, Ottawa, ON, K1P 5W9. □

Best Bilingual Pun of the Conference Award

WINNER: Edgar Friedenberg
Responding to a speaker who had deplored the developing right wing offensive and one of its less savvy chroniclers, Toronto Sun columnist Claire Hoy, Friedenberg quipped, "If you think Hoy's bad, wait till you see mafiana!"

Guess who the "high risk offenders" are in Ontario prisons.
"Abnormals — homosexuals, rapists and so on": a spokesperson for the Minister of Correctional Services.

Suppressed Commission report made public; gives nod to gay rights

EDMONTON — The Alberta Human Rights Commission has issued a public statement castigating the provincial government for its delay in dealing with the Commission's recommendations for reform of the Alberta Individual Rights Protection Act. In the same press statement, released May 11, Acting Chairperson J.B. Forest continued the Commission's strong support for inclusion of "sexual preference" as a major reform of the Act. Forest stated that "the Commission is unequivocal in its belief that society should not, in the fields of employment, housing and services, discriminate against people because of the lifestyles they choose to live, providing the practice of those styles of life does not contravene the law."

With the tabling of the Commission's report in the Legislature in April, and the Human Rights Commission's own press release, the recommendations made to the government almost two years ago have finally become public. For the first time the press and the public know that sexual preference was included along with the grounds of physical characteristics, marital status and source of income as major recommendations of the Commission's report.

Beginning early in 1976, the Alberta Commission heard presentations by public groups dissatisfied with the present human rights legislation contained in the Individual Rights Protection Act (IRPA). The presentations included one by the Gay Alliance Towards Equality (GATE) in Edmonton. GATE prepared a detailed brief arguing for the inclusion of sexual preference in the IRPA. The brief was presented to the Commission and distributed to all Alberta MLAs. In September of 1978, the Commission delivered their report on reform of the IRPA to Premier Lougheed's Conservative government. The government refused to release any of the report's recommendations to the public until the report was tabled in the Legislature. The Commission itself was refused permission to release its own findings.

That the report contained the recommendation for inclusion of sexual preference, however, was leaked at that time to GATE by sympathetic Commission members. Missing the opportunity to publicize the favourable recommendation, GATE itself chose not to release the information for fear of jeopardizing the jobs of the informants

within the Commission. Instead, the group concentrated on forcing the Conservative government to introduce and deal with the report as a whole.

Over one and a half years later, in early Spring of this year, the government could delay no longer and finally tabled the report, promising some reform of the IRPA. The Human Rights Commission, however, has learned recently that "only minor changes, if any, will be made and that the major recommendations, as included in the submission to the Minister of Labour in September of 1976, will not be made."

Neil Crawford, Minister of Labour responsible for the Human Rights Commission, has made it clear that he does not support the inclusion of sexual preference in the IRPA. This spring he went on record as stating that "any government that would support sexual preference would be voted out of office."

GATE, meanwhile, has issued a press statement protesting the government's inaction, and plans to send update bulletins to individual MLAs to keep the issue alive. Bob Radke of GATE expressed the group's continuing frustration "confronting the government and the Human Rights Commission at this time is like pissing in the wind."

by Bill Lewis □

Canada Day becomes Gay Day in Moose Jaw

MOOSE JAW — While the rest of Canada celebrated July with traditional hoopla, Moose Jaw Saskatchewan was treated to a large dose of gay liberation politics. Two hundred and fifty lesbians, gay men, feminists and human rights supporters rallied to answer Anita Bryant. She was performing in the city, a guest of the Moose Jaw Fellowship for Evangelism, to honour Canada Day and Moose Jaw's diamond jubilee.

The singer was met by a demonstration of over 150 people in what was not only the first gay rights demonstration in Moose Jaw, but one of the few such protests of any sort in the city. In a show of Prairie solidarity, gays from as far away as Calgary, Edmonton, Brandon and Winnipeg journeyed to join in the demonstration.

The protest march was followed by an interfaith celebration and entertainment hosted by one of Canada's newest gay

organizations, Moose Jaw Gay Community. The day's events were sponsored by the Saskatchewan Coalition to Answer Anita Bryant. The Coalition was composed of some 30 groups throughout the province and included women's centres, student unions and the Saskatchewan Human Rights Association. Co-ordinating committees set up in Moose Jaw, Regina, and Saskatoon organized public meetings which featured showings of Gay USA, the new feature length film which includes historic footage of early gay rights marches.

Media attention was divided equally between pro and anti-gay rights forces and much coverage centred on Renaissance International, the group which has sponsored many of Bryant's sojourns to Canada. The national TV news on July 1st reported that 5000 turned out to hear the anti-gay evangelist. The local news brought the figure down to 2000, while Brandon's daily paper counted only 900. □

Paper's refusal to accept ad prompts second rights hearing

MONTREAL — The influential daily La Presse has refused to publish a classified advertisement for Jesse Des Gais de Montréal (JGM — Gay Youth of Montréal) because "we don't accept this kind of ad."

The same ad had been accepted by two other city dailies — *Montreal-Matin* and *The Montreal Star*.

The Quebec Human Rights Commission has announced that it has accepted the complaint filed against La Presse by JGM. The complaint charges that the paper violated the Quebec Human Rights Charter which prohibits discrimination in access to public services on the basis of sexual orientation.

At the present time the Commission is undertaking an investigation.

The ad stated simply: "Gay and under 21? Join Jeunesse Gais de Montréal." It then gave the group's address and phone number.

The Human Rights Commission inquiry is especially important for Montréal's gay and lesbian community since this is only the second time that the sexual orientation amendment to the Human Rights Charter has been put to the test.

As an article explained in the current issue of *Gaie/Le Québec*, the monthly newspaper of the Association pour les Droits des Gais/Le Québec, "Gay and lesbian activists must demonstrate against this discriminatory action of La Presse. Now is the time to defend our rights which have been directly attacked by one of the most important papers in Québec."

Readers are therefore urged to immediately send letters of protest to La Presse: Roger Lemelin, Editor, La Presse, CP 4200, Succ. Place d'Armes, Montréal, Québec.

Copies should be sent to: Commission des Droits de la Personne, 380 rue St-Jacques, Montréal, Québec H2Y 1P5, and Jeunesse Gais de Montréal, CP 753, Succ. H, Montréal, Québec H3G 2M7.

by Stuart Russell □

Two gay youth acquitted on charge

TORONTO — Ralph Lesser and David Maclean, two members of Gay Youth Toronto, were acquitted June 8 of loitering charges laid against them January 13. The two had been arrested at the end of an evening of distributing flyers for an Anti-Bryant march and rally. Provincial Court Judge Hugh Zimmerman concluded that although there was some evidence the pair had been loitering in front of the St. Charles

Tavern, a Yonge Street gay bar, the Crown had not succeeded in proving that they had in any way obstructed anyone. Obstructing people in a public place is part of the Criminal Code definition of loitering.

Police alleged that Maclean and Lesser had gone into the street and stopped cars. They also claimed that the pair had a taping in front of passersby on the sidewalk, and harangued them about Anita Bryant.

Under cross-examination by defence counsel Ken Danison, police admitted that Maclean and Lesser had kept moving all evening with the exception of a brief stop to chat with some gay people.

The judge noted that if they Lesser and Maclean were doing constituted a criminal act, then anyone who met a friend on the street and stopped to chat would also be committing a crime. He was certain that Parliament, in enacting the loitering law, could not have intended this result, and so dismissed the charges.

by Paul Troilo □

Psychs form gay caucus

OTTAWA — A task force on the status of gay and lesbian people has been established by members of the Canadian Psychological Association (CPA).

Seven gay and lesbian psychologists attended the founding meeting of the task force this June during the CPA annual meeting in Ottawa.

"We haven't heard much," said meeting co-ordinator Gary McDonald, who holds a masters degree in psychology from Brandon University. But he's confident that more gay men and lesbians will join the Association of Gay Psychologists (AGP) from among the 2,300 members of the CPA.

The Canadian AGP is taking its lead from an American association, set up in 1973, which started with fewer than a dozen members and now represents several hundred.

While it works to establish a gay association within the CPA, said McDonald, the task force will also survey Canadian psychologists to determine how many are gay, to find out whether there is anti-gay discrimination within the profession, and to study mechanisms for referring gay patients to gay psychologists. □

Gay prisoners get "special treatment"

TORONTO — According to a spokesperson for Ontario's Minister of Correctional Services, gay men ordered imprisoned in Ontario's correctional system are classified as maximum security risks and put in a special protective unit regardless of whether the "crime" for which they were imprisoned has anything to do with sexuality or sex offences.

John Edward-Evans, head social worker of the maximum security Millbrook Correctional Centre, recently told a public group that "sex offenders and abnormals — homosexuals, rapists and so on" were all classified as high risk offenders and placed in the special solitary confinement wing of the institution.

When TBP contacted the office of the government Corrections Minister for a confirmation of the policy, a spokesperson for Minister Frank Denison responded that "active and passive" homosexuals were classified as maximum security risks whenever they "created disorder within an institution" or whenever their "personal safety" was "endangered by their homosexual acts." It appears as if any openly gay person would be classified as such.

by Paul Troilo □

August 1978

Supreme Court quashes TBP; obscenity trial delayed

OTTAWA — Pink Triangle Press will not be allowed to challenge Ontario Court rulings upholding the legality of the search warrant used to raid TBP's office last December. On June 5, a three-man panel of the Supreme Court of Canada dismissed TBP's application for leave to appeal. No reasons were given for the refusal.

The effect of the refusal is that the highest court in Canada has given legal sanction to the vague, broad and all-encompassing terms of the search warrant which enabled police to remove 12 shipping cases of material from TBP's office following the publication of the article "Men Loving Boys Loving Men" in the December-January issue of the paper.

Pink Triangle Press lawyer Clayton Ruby had argued that in issuing a search warrant a justice of the peace is required to act judicially, and in doing so cannot rely solely on the opinion of the police to the effect that something is immoral or indecent. He argued that the search warrant was too vague in that it did not specify with sufficient particularity the alleged offence in relation to which the search was being made, and that it did not clearly state what materials could be the subject of seizure. The words of the warrant allowed police to conduct a fishing expedition, Ruby said.

The Supreme Court's refusal to hear the case did not come as a surprise. The Court's most forceful and articulate liberal, Chief Justice Bora Laskin, was in hospital and thus was not a member of the panel hearing the application. Mr. Justice Martland and Mr. Justice Ritchie, who did hear the application, are generally seen as two of the court's

ultra-conservatives.

Meanwhile, the police have been successful in obtaining a judge's authorization to retain the seized materials for at least 12 additional months. TBP has been allowed limited access, however, and can obtain copies of essential financial records and seized manuscripts from the police at a fee of 10 cents a page.

by Paul Trollope

TORONTO — The trial of Pink Triangle Press and its three directors, Kenneth Popert, Edward Jackson and Gerald Hannon, has been delayed. The case may not be heard until the first week of January.

The trial, on one charge of possession of obscene material for the purpose of distribution and another charge of using the mails for the transmission of obscene, indecent, immoral or scurrilous material, was to have commenced June 26. However, Crown Attorney Gerald Wylie requested a delay until September because he was getting married during the summer and intended to leave on a honeymoon after the wedding.

It is not yet known whether the Crown will proceed by indictment or by way of summary conviction. On both charges, the prosecution has the choice of proceeding by indictment, involving a preliminary hearing before the trial itself, or summarily, involving a less serious trial procedure, a quicker resolution of the matter and lesser maximum penalties.

Despite two court appearances by the defendants, the new trial date has yet to be set. On both occasions Crown Attorney Wylie failed to show up. □



The *Montreal Gazette* ran this editorial cartoon after Lorne Rasmowski, newly elected leader of the federal Social Credit Party, vowed to rid the country of homosexuals, abortionists and unscrupulous bankers (TBP, June-July 78).

Meanwhile, the Social Credit Party in the Peace-Northwest area of Ontario has been distributing leaflets which, among other things, pledged "to get the horns off the TV and have their pervasions cured." □

Tory Cabinet opposes rights code change says government source

TORONTO — Ontario's Conservative government has confidential research information showing that it would lose more votes than it would gain if it amended the Ontario Human Rights Code to include sexual orientation as a prohibited ground of discrimination. The Cabinet has therefore decided not to introduce such an amendment at the present time, TBP has learned.

The provincial Cabinet and a few insiders met privately several times recently to discuss a number of issues concerning government policy and legislative proposals. At one of these meetings it was revealed that a decision had been made not to amend the Code because of the research results, according to a reliable source close to Premier William Davis.

It is well known that governments employ research firms to investigate potential voter reaction to proposed legislation, but it was not previously known that the government had this

information on the sexual orientation proposal and that the adverse decision had been made on that basis. Previously, government sources had indicated that sexual orientation would be included if the Ontario Human Rights Commission's report recommended it. The reason that this is no longer the case, according to our source, is the media-created anti-gay climate in Ontario since the Jacques murder case. Previously, the government believed that it would be generally praised if it amended the Code to include sexual orientation, and that criticism would not be significant. With the advent of an anti-gay backlash, however, the government is said to fear loss of votes in an already tight minority situation if it introduced the amendment. On a member-by-member basis, the cabinet is known to be divided on the issue, but apparently the possibility of lost votes has taken precedence over principle.

by Paul Trollope

Sociologists' association takes gay rights stand, calls for dropping of charges against TBP

LONDON — The Canadian Sociology and Anthropology Association (CSAA) has taken a strong stand in favour of gay rights, and called on the Attorney General of Ontario to drop charges against *The Body Politic*.

The group says it has become the first professional academic group in Canada to support the civil rights of homosexuals.

Delegates to the annual general meeting of the association voted unanimously May 31 to pass a 10-point resolution sponsored by Barry Adam, Lucie Lee, Stephen Murray, Jim Turk and John Coveille.

Among other things, the resolution called for the "inclusion of the term sexual orientation as an anti-discrimination provision in the Human Rights Codes of each province (with the exception of Quebec which already has done so) and in the Canadian Bill of Rights."

The CSAA also called for its own discrimination within its own ranks, and pledged itself to oppose "efforts to undermine the civil rights of homosexuals through the distortion or falsification of sociological or anthropological concepts and research."

Three of the recommendations of the resolution related to *The Body Politic* case. The group voted to call on Attorney General Roy McMurtry to return all material seized during the raid on the paper's office, to destroy all copies of files, letters and subscription lists made by the police; and to drop "the fatuous charge of 'obscenity' laid

against members of the editorial collective."

"We're very pleased that the association has taken this stand," said Gerald Hannon of TBP. "It's a strongly worded demand and it's going to make our defence more credible yet."

The CSAA represents about a thousand sociologists and anthropologists from across Canada. □

Commission admits gay rights key issue

OTTAWA — Despite continuing opposition from many Conservative, Liberal and Creditist members of Parliament, the Canadian Human Rights Commission has taken a strong first step toward pressing for an amendment to prohibit discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

In its first annual report, the Commission indicates in no uncertain terms that "the fact that sexual orientation is not included among the proscribed grounds of discrimination" continues to "arouse criticism of the legislation."

The Commission notes the sexual orientation issue as one of three key issues with which it is concerned, the other two being rights for native women and equal pay for work of equal value. Furthermore, the Commission says that it is going to "undertake research so that it may be in a position to make a recommendation to Parliament about this issue in its second annual report." □

Library strike vote: gay rights at issue

TORONTO — The Toronto Library Board, which administers Toronto's new \$30 million dollar Central Reference Library, is faced with possible strike action by one of the two union locals representing workers at the facility. The local has been without a contract since the beginning of the year.

Demands for flexible working hours, guaranteed placement elsewhere in the system for members displaced by technological change, and the sexual orientation demand were outstanding issues that prompted local 1582's strike vote. Management claimed agreement in principle with all three demands, but refused to include any of them in the contract. They offered instead "letters of intent" which do not permit union members to file official grievances over violations.

Regarding the sexual orientation clause, Rob Laycock, gay activist and CUPE 1582 vice-president, explained: "Management has said that they're afraid to set a precedent. That's a pretty weak argument considering that both other major library boards in Toronto, University of Toronto and Toronto Public Libraries, already have such clauses. There have been rumours that board members have threatened to resign if we win this demand."

Laycock pointed out that "Libraries are one of the fields where gay women and men are traditionally employed. Our local has a long and feminist tradition, for instance. Many of us at Metro Central are openly gay. Management's strong resistance can't help but make us wonder."

by Chris Bearchell

Proposed constitution criticized by NGRC

OTTAWA — The National Gay Rights Coalition has condemned Prime Minister Trudeau's draft bill on a new constitution. The bill includes a provision for a Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms, but does not include "sexual orientation" among the prohibited categories of discrimination.

As proposed, the bill would ban discrimination on the basis of race, national or ethnic origin, colour, religion, sex, language or age.

In a statement issued June 21, the Coalition condemned "the failure of the Prime Minister to provide human rights for homosexual Canadians."

John Duggan, spokesman for the Coalition, went on to say that "Mr. Trudeau's omission is short-sighted and ignores the social changes of the past decade. An increasing number of homosexual Canadians are living openly as gays, and thus need legal protection from discrimination to ensure the same opportunities in employment that other Canadians enjoy."

He also noted that a majority of Canadians support such a change, according to a Gallup Poll made public last year. "As well," said Duggan, "Trudeau's own party has adopted a resolution calling for any future or revised constitution to guarantee rights and freedoms to gay Canadians. He's just ignored it completely."

Canada is unique among western democracies in that it does not have the power to alter its constitution. That document, called the British North America Act, was drafted by the British Parliament and still resides at Westminster. The Canadian provinces have been unable to agree on a formula for its repatriation. □

Body Politic/7

The Toronto Sun would like you to be a "decent homosexual." Watch out. The decent homosexual is a fool.

Catholic school commission found guilty in first case under new law

MONTREAL — The refusal of the Commission des Ecoles Catholiques de Montréal (CECM — Montreal Catholic School Commission) to rent its facilities to gay rights group constitutes a discriminatory act and an attack against both freedom of assembly and free expression guaranteed by the Quebec Human Rights Charter.

This was the final conclusion of an inquiry report released in June by the Quebec Human Rights Commission. The organization was investigating a complaint filed last April by the Association pour les Droits des Gais/Les du Québec (ADGQ).

It was the first time that the Commission had investigated a complaint charging discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Last April the CECM refused to rent the Cardinal Newman School hall to

ADGQ to hold an orientation conference. The school commission took the action, "fearing the possible repercussions on the education of the CECM's children," (TBP, May 1978).

In its examination of the case, the Human Rights Commission rejected the allegations of the CECM. They concluded that catholicism condemns not homosexuals but rather homosexual acts. At no time did the CECM explain that such acts might occur during the conference with the alleged "negative repercussions" on "its" children.

The Human Rights Commission therefore found the CECM in violation of sections 10 and 12 of the Human Rights Charter. Its next step will be to formulate specific recommendations to the CECM.

by Stuart Russell □



Marchers surge past police headquarters in Montreal

Two hundred march to protest repression

MONTREAL — About 200 enthusiastic lesbians and gay men marched through the streets of Montreal June 17 to protest ongoing repression and discrimination against this city's gay community.

The demonstration was called in response to several concrete cases of repression and discrimination. The Montreal Catholic School Commission has refused to rent its facilities to the Quebec Human Rights Charter; anti-gay police harassment continues, and the Truxx trials had just begun.

One of the highlights of the protest was the impressive participation of women — about half the demonstration marched in the lesbian contingent called by Com Femmes. Under the banner "Lesbians, we're suffocating under our masks," several women wore brown paper bags while others took part in spirited musical band.

The militant and festive mood of the demonstrators was reflected in the slogans: "Down with police repression!" "Gays, lesbians, into the streets — it's only a beginning." "Drop the charges against the Truxx accused," and "Gays, women, lesbians, unite — same enemy, same fight."

These were only some of the many slogans chanted as the march filed by the Main Police Headquarters and City Hall on its way to a rally at Viger Square in east-end Montreal.

Speakers at the rally included Marcel Pleau for ADGQ, Mark Wilson for the Comité de Soutien aux Accusés du Truxx, and a public committee for the Truxx

Accused), and several lesbians including writer Jeanne d'Arc Jutras. A message of solidarity came from the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition was also read.

by Stuart Russell □

New rights group adopts gay concerns

WINNIPEG — The newly constituted Manitoba Association for Rights and Liberties has formed a committee on sexual orientation. The organization was formed early this year in Winnipeg by an ad hoc group of individuals concerned with civil rights. It sees its role both as that of a watchdog on the enforcement of the present Manitoba Human Rights Act by the Human Rights Commission, and as a lobbying group on sexual orientation. The group has elected to push for inclusion of sexual orientation in the Human Rights Act, for the discounting of sexual orientation as a factor in child custody cases, for an end to discrimination against gay women and men in the Armed Forces and an end to police harassment of gays.

Marion Packham, a social worker, and Chris Vogel, a Manitoba government employee, were elected co-chairpersons of the Committee. Vogel has indicated that the Committee is hopeful they can influence reform of the Manitoba Human Rights Act. □

Arts Council split over TBP grant

Secretary resigns over issue

TORONTO — Events surrounding an Ontario Arts Council decision to reserve judgement on TBP's grant application has prompted the resignation of one of the Council's employees.

Karsten Kossman, secretary to Film and Literary Officer Steve Stanovick, resigned June 23 to protest the way Council has handled TBP's application. In a statement to TBP, he said "I've resigned over the general attitude of Council over the last six months since the raid on your office. At the moment I can't be too specific — but something that happened during the June Council meeting finally made up my mind. It wasn't the deferment — that has happened before. But I'm not at liberty to discuss what did happen."

When grant awards were announced at the end of June, no mention was made of TBP's grant application. The paper has since been informed that Council had reserved judgement until its September sitting. No reason was given for the delay.

Literary Officer Stanovick has told TBP that such delays occur from time to time when Council "feels it needs more information, when the circumstances of the publication might change, or for a variety of other reasons."

"Council won't know anything in September that it doesn't know now," said TBP collective member Gerald Hannon. "This looks like an attempt to postpone a decision until the heat's off. But Council's naive if they think a two-month wait will make any difference."

Kossman's resignation leaves me to suspect that some things he felt about the Arts Council may be true," continued Hannon. "That there may be an anti-gay bias at work there, and that they are by no means immune to political pressure. I don't know how else to explain the shameful way we've been treated in our dealings with Council lately."

He noted that there had been no reply from Council to the paper's protest at being dropped from the Experience '78 program. "The Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association has protested on our behalf, and they have heard nothing either," he added. "They accused the OAC of finding us guilty before the courts have — and I think that's what has happened."

"The real test will come in September. We've heard rumours of other resignations pending if TBP isn't awarded a grant."

TBP had applied this year for a grant of over \$8000. □

Supreme Court delays Tide case

OTTAWA — The Supreme Court of Canada has postponed until next autumn hearing an appeal on what has been called its "first gay rights case."

The court has been expected to hear the case during the week of June 12. However, a spokesperson explained June 16 that overcrowding on the court's list had delayed the day.

The appeal is being brought by the Gay Alliance Toward Equality in Vancouver. The group is appealing a British Columbia Court of Appeal ruling that upheld the Vancouver Sun's refusal to carry an advertisement for its paper, Gay Tide. □

WARNING

TBP has learned that Metro Toronto Police are ordering using plain clothes cops to make arrests in Winston Churchill Park. Gays cruising in Toronto park areas should take precautions against being entrapped. □

Decent homosexuals

An analysis by Ken Popert

The Toronto Sun's editorial page is the last place you'd expect to find references to "decent homosexuals." And yet, that very phrase has appeared there several times during the past year, a year in which the tabloid's owners have made much capital (literally) from the exploitation of fear and ignorance about gay people.

But this is no inconsistency in editorial policy; the decent homosexual is a fundamental element in the Sun's ideological war against homosexuals-liberation.

"In the Emmanuel Jacques case it is not 'decent' homosexuals who should feel threatened, but the depraved ones who give homosexuals a bad name and who seem anxious to gain recruits, create a new 'normality,' and who (first for political power)." So wrote Sun editor Peter Worthington last August 16. (Don't be confused by Worthington's quotation marks — he uses them with the precision of a sadistic drag queen applying facial plastic. They mean nothing in particular.)

This thoughtful analysis of gay activists as "depraved homosexuals" was later refined in an editorial (March 23) which characterized us as "dingbats and creeps."

And there is the Sun's darling, the decent homosexual: "the doesn't flaunt his abnormality, he doesn't proselytize, he seems a conscientious parent, is discreet and maintains privacy in matters that, heterosexual or homosexual, are essentially personal matters." (editorial, March 23).

The message, then, is that the anti-homosexual campaign is not aimed at discreet homosexuals, but at the "depraved homosexuals" (read: "gay activists") who "fight for political power" (read: "seek equality in employment and housing").

The political significance of this stance is obvious. The decent homosexual is a closeted homosexual whose dearest wish in life is to escape detection; he could go through life unnoticed, unmentioned and unmentioned by other gay activists who would stop making such a fuss; and therefore he should stay away from those who claim to be fighting for his rights.

This ruse proposed by the right wing over the heads of the gay movement, as it were, is probably convincing to some of the closeted. But the ruse is offered with an utter lack of sincerity.

Consider what happened to two non-militant men who had the bad luck to be minor figures in a story which drew the Sun's attention earlier this year. The two men were living together in a cottage near Windsor. Last September, four men — one of them armed — and a woman appeared at the cottage. Inside, the four men proceeded to sexually abuse the woman. Finally, they bludgeoned her to death.

One occupant of the cottage came forward as a witness at the trial which was held over a period of two weeks. True to its morbid editorial policies, the Sun paid great attention to this trial, publishing almost daily reports.

As you might expect, the term "heterosexual" was never used in connection with the four sadistic rapists and murderers. But someone else's sexuality was dwelt upon. Sun reporters Jan Louder and Debbie Reed were careful to name not just the witness, but also his lover and to identify them as homosexuals. One of the stories was written in such a way that the witness could easily have gained the impression that the two gay men were accomplices in the crime.

The decent homosexual, finally, is an unorganized homosexual who is not a homosexual, a defenceless homosexual. He is dependent upon the capricious benevolence of the political right for his well-being. The decent homosexual is a fool. □

THE TOPLINE

Police attack gay solidarity march

A peaceful Mardi Gras celebrating International Homosexual Solidarity Day was attacked by police Saturday June 24 in Sydney, Australia.

The military style attack came without warning after the police had confiscated the public address system. The organizers were therefore prevented from asking the crowd of 2000 to disperse. None of the attacking officers wore their identification badges.

Twenty-three women and thirty men were detained and fingerprinted. They were held from 8 to 10 hours before being informed of charges against them. The 23 women were held for 4 hours in a cell designed for 2 occupants. One man was beaten

unconscious and was not allowed medical attention until five hours later.

After the attack those not arrested regrouped and proceeded en masse to the Darlinghurst police station where they remained until morning, singing and chanting in support of those detained.

Lawyers and doctors who attempted to enter the station to see clients and injured were threatened by police with charges of trespass and denied access. The following Monday, police officers without court authorization and sometimes without proper identification prevented people, including several of those charged, from entering the court dealing with the cases.

The Australian National Times called



Sydney police prevent gays from entering the courts.

the incident "the most serious...since Wran's Government took office." Referring to police action outside the courtrooms, the paper concluded "It is not just a question of homosexual rights, not only a question of civil liberties and the abuse of police procedure. Last Monday for a few hours the police appeared to be contesting the authority of the courts."

The Gay Solidarity Group (GPO Box 5074 Sydney 2001) is asking that letters and telegrams be sent to Neville Wran (Premier of New South Wales) and Frank

Walker (Attorney General, Parliament House, Sydney NSW, Australia 2000, requesting a public inquiry into the police violence, and an investigation into the removal of police identification badges. The GSG is also demanding that all charges be dropped and that all police officers involved in the attack be suspended. Gay groups from across Australia and around the world are rallying to the defense of those charged. TBFA strongly recommends that Canadian and American groups make their protest known. □

Briggs on November ballot, gay resistance mounts

Organizations opposing the Briggs' Initiative are springing up across California.

The Initiative, which calls for the firing of gay teachers or any teachers in the State who support gay rights, has qualified for a plebiscite in this year's November election.

Already the American Civil Liberties Union, the California Federation of Teachers and The Metropolitan Community Church have launched lawsuits to remove the measure from the ballot.

At a meeting kicking off the campaign of the Bay Area Committee Against the Briggs Initiative, San Francisco City Supervisor Harvey Milk demanded that the Carter administration take a stand to defend gay civil rights.

State Governor Jerry Brown, San Francisco Mayor George Moscone and a number of California's labour unions have promised to actively campaign on behalf of gay teachers.

Folk singer Joan Baez was among several performers to sing at a "Stop Briggs Concert" in Santa Monica June 7—the first anniversary of the Dade County defeat. Frank Veil, a long time gay activist, has announced a 1200 mile walk across the state to publicize the campaign against the anti-gay proposal.

Supervisor Milk and San Francisco State University professor Sally Gearhart have formed a "Fund to Defeat the Briggs' Initiative." The fund will distribute money to the many smaller local campaigns across the state.

The financial report which Briggs was required to issue after withdrawing from the State's Republican gubernatorial primaries throws light on the sources of his support. A number of large banking institutions (including the Chartered Bank of London), one of the largest gas companies, and the Atlantic Richfield Company have all given large donations to his campaign. □

100,000 march for ERA

In Washington's largest demonstration since the Viet Nam War, over 100,000 women, children and men marched July 9 to demand a seven year extension to the March 1970 deadline for ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA).

The ERA, which will amend the American Constitution to make discrimination against women illegal, has already been approved by Congress. Thirty-eight of the fifty states must ratify the change in order for it to become law. So far thirty-five States have given their ratification. Women's movement leaders fear that if three more states do not express their support before March the measure will die.

Rallies in support of the extension of the deadline were held in cities across the US. □

Israeli lesbians confront women's movement

Israeli lesbians confronted the country's feminist movement at a Women's Conference in Beer Sheva on May 1. Twenty members of Israel's new Lesbian Feminist Movement stood to support a statement demanding the recognition of lesbians within the country's growing women's movement.

The Israeli women's movement was originally begun by American immigrants who refused to accept the degraded position of women in the country. It has recently been receiving growth support from native born "sabaras" and women coming to Israel from African and Muslim countries. □

Greeks fight "acts against nature" law

The Greek Gay Liberation Movement (AGOE) has taken up the struggle against a new anti-gay law soon to be introduced into the Greek Parliament by a right wing representative. The proposed law was first considered during the military dictatorship several years ago but the generals were overthrown before the measure could be put into effect.

The law would make the transmission of venereal disease a criminal offense and links homosexuality with VD. It proposes prison terms of up to one year for anyone who in a public place "displays the evident intention of attracting other men to commit acts against nature."

An AKEOE petition denouncing the proposed law has been signed by such prominent European intellectuals as Simone de Beauvoir, Maria Antonietta Macciocchi, Nicolas Boulantzas, Jean-Paul Sartre, Louis Althusser, and filmmaker Costa Gavras. □

French psych banned

A child psychiatrist on the French island of La Reunion has been forbidden to practice for six months by the French National Physician's Council. He had been accused of having homosexual relations with adolescent boys.

L'Ordre des Médecins claims that Dr André Buisson exhibits "deep tendencies incompatible with medical ethics."

Buisson has received support from fellow doctors, social workers and the general public on the island, and the general public being circulated against the Council's prohibition.

On June 20 the Health Action Movement, The French Psychiatric Union, The French General Practitioner's Union, The Paris Gay Information Centre (ALEPH), and the Paris Gay Liberation Movement, co-sponsored a public meeting in Paris on the doctor's behalf.

Buisson himself is refusing to accept the Council's ban and has continued to work since his suspension on April 1. □

WHO's sick

Gay groups from Finland, Sweden, Denmark and Norway met in Stockholm June 3 to discuss ways to have homosexuality removed from the International Classification of Diseases list put out by the World Health Organization (WHO).

WHO is planning to revise its disease list in 1988. Homosexuality is presently listed as disease number 3020. □

Presbyterians vote no

After a long debate, the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church (USA) meeting in San Diego voted May 22 to disapprove of the ordination of "Self affirming, practicing, homosexual persons," while supporting civil and human rights for gay men and lesbians.

The policy statement does not exclude gays from membership and leaves the final decision on ordination up to local presbyteries. The issue had split the church since last January when a commissioned report on homosexuality came out in favour of the ordination of gays. □

Eurocourt hears 2nd case

The European Commission of Human Rights has agreed to hear a second case which will challenge anti-gay laws in England and Wales.

Peter Delfells, a south English businessman, was sentenced to 1 1/2 years in prison in 1974 for engaging in sex with two 18-year-old men, one of whom is still his lover.

Wells is claiming that his prosecution and imprisonment violated three articles of the European Convention on Human Rights to which the UK is a signatory.

In March the Strasbourg court also agreed to hear the case of a Belfast man who is challenging the Northern Ireland laws against any kind of homosexual relations. Both cases are expected to be heard this year. □

Fascists hit second gay bar

A second English gay bar has been attacked by National Front members, an anti-gay fascist organization.

The Fenton Hotel in Leeds is frequented by gays after local Gay Liberation Front meetings on Tuesday nights. On May 23 between fifteen and twenty fascists in para-military uniform forced their way into the crowded bar and began throwing glasses. Although police were called immediately, they did not arrive until well after the gang had left. No arrests were made.

One gay man was injured in the right eye and several other men and women were treated for cuts and bruises.

Several National Front members were identified among the attackers, and the Leeds Chapter of the Anti-Nazi League is pressing the police for their arrest. The Front had trashed a well known London bar in January. □

Huge demo marks Gay Pride USA

Hundreds of thousands of lesbians, gay men and supporters marched June 25 in Gay Pride demonstrations in different US cities.

In San Francisco 300,000 people turned out to hear City Supervisor Harvey Milk demand that President Carter appear out on behalf of human rights for gays.

In New York 85,000 marched up Fifth Ave and demanded that the Lesbian and Gay Rights Bill be passed in City Council. Over 50 groups representing a wide spectrum of activist, cultural, service, religious, and professional organizations took part in the march. June 18 to 25 had previously been declared "Gay and Lesbian Pride Week" by New York Mayor Edward Koch.

Rallies in Houston and Chicago drew three thousand demonstrators each, while five thousand marched in Boston June 17. □

NZBC bans "Glad to be gay"

Radio New Zealand, part of the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation, has banned the Tom Robinson Band song "Glad to Be Gay." Robinson's band considered one of the most important of the new wave of British rock groups, features hard hitting proggy, anti-fascist, and anti-racist lyrics.

The Wellington Gay Liberation Group has denounced the ban as "blatant and unjustifiable discrimination against New Zealand's gay community."

Other radio stations not connected with the national network have been giving the TRB song a good deal of air play. □

Bryant loses bid for church post

Anita Bryant's hopes for an official position in the Southern Baptist Convention were dashed June 12 when her nomination for the vice-presidency was defeated two to one at the church's pastoral conference in Houston. Bryant had urged pastors to take a stand against "immorality" and warned that fundamentalist Christians would be punished if they fail to take an outspoken stand on behalf of their moral values. The church is the largest protestant denomination in the USA and counts President Jimmy Carter as one of its members.

Anita Bryant's address to the conference was met by a demonstration of 4000 gays. Atlanta's gay community is said to be the third largest in the USA. The single Judge Queen did come out tops in another vote however, 800 students polled in Florida, Colorado, Indiana, Missouri and New York named Anita Bryant and Adolf Hitler as the man and woman who have done the most damage in the world. In the same poll, conducted by *Ladies Home Journal*, she was teamed with Richard Nixon as the two who make students "angriest." □

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"If we don't strengthen the family unit, we can expect the imminent destruction of our civilization as we know it." A standard verse in every right wing bigot's hymn. Who am I to argue?

My first experience of child abuse was fairly normal. It was the stinging and ringing ears from being hit hard across the face, often without knowing why. Makes a man of you, they say. My second experience of child abuse was in the opposite sense. In junior high school we had two English teachers who, I realize now, were Gay and were lovers. At the time I knew only that they were "faries." Both were effeminate and neither attempted to hide it. I suppose you could say they flaunted it, in a pastie sort of way. An all-boy class (ah!), we ran a permanent open season on the two of them. They were free game for any abuse we could invent — and we were grotesquely inventive. We competed vigorously among ourselves to see who could get away with the worst, who could be the most imaginatively cruel. I'm fairly sure from this distance that I won, regularly and hands down. One of the two men lost his temper one day and threw a bible at me (we were studying the trials of Job); that moment may have been the zenith of my popularity in high school.

One of the finest publications I've ever seen by or about Gay people, *Growing Up Gay*, a pamphlet from FFS: A Magazine of Young People's Liberation, quotes one Bobby Graetz on his school years: "I would always hear stories about people I knew getting picked up by men who wanted to have sex with them. They always seemed disgusted that men would want this of them. I had fantasies about being picked up by homosexuals but I never happened to me. I was very disappointed because the only way I could get my sexual needs met was through someone else's initiation. I was too frightened by others' reactions I felt I were to make the first move. 'Can you imagine the average 'adult' reaction to this?' He's just a child, he doesn't know what he wants. It's our responsibility to protect him."

Big Brothers is a large international organization devoted to reaching "fatherless boys before irreparable damage is done" — to help them "develop a way of living that is personally and socially adequate." These saviours of youth ran a series of seminars on how to keep us out of this admirable but delicate process. (We know because we broke in on and made a bit of a hash of one of the sessions.) The executive director of B.B. crowed: "Of course I wouldn't hesitate to impose my sexual orientation on any child in my care." He was, he hastened to point out, referring to the heterosexual orientation. A psychiatrist tried to address the group, heartily approved of physical punishment as a valid means by which "the child can come to know the limits of acceptable behaviour."

A Gay social worker at the same seminar (what you might call a variably-out Gay person) stressed in private conversation the importance of separating "personal feelings" from "professional standards." (Translation: I want to keep my job, don't I.) He recounted this story: "A boy 'in care' asked me if I slept with men. (Brave question.) I asked myself, what is he really asking? (Whether you sleep with men. The answer is yes.) Is he really asking for approval for him to sleep with men? No, he's probably asking for approval to have sex with or make love to men. But why don't you just ask him what he wants. Instead of guessing?") Since I don't believe a significant person in a child's development

Child abuse

should offer a positive personal example (you didn't listen to the above executive director?), I told him he should experiment if he wanted to (preferably in a clinic?), but always with love and caring." Adrift in an ocean of "no's", this was as close to being thrown a saving "yes" as that young person "in care" could get, and he had to work for it. He was, relatively speaking, one of the lucky ones: loving your fellow man/woman is not among the values B.B. preaches for becoming "personally and socially adequate."

GL (initials changed mostly to protect the guilty) introduced herself to her parents as a Lesbian at age 17, four years before she was legal. They reacted quite simply: they threw her out of her home — what are parents for, after all? (She tells this with an astonishing lack of bitterness, as far as I can tell.) She has been supporting herself ever since, and sharing mutual life support with other Lesbians. She was invited to come home for a visit. Mother suddenly erupted, "What I can't understand is what you people do in bed!" When G began to explain, any good daughter would, Mother threw a plate of hot baked beans straight at her head. Father looked gloomy, presumably regretting the loss of his wife, when G was departing. Mother called after her plaintively, "Why don't you come and see us more often, dear?" Wear your own pants, she said, since her birth neither of these people has ever really carried her, but now it seems GL is required to carry them, both.

Claire Hoy, Toronto social activist (pun intended), check your Oxford or Webster, Claire) and crusader to protect children from their sexuality, finally came out, if you'll pardon the expression, on the subject of child abuse. He called an Ontario government report suggesting closer attention by teachers, doctors, etc. to child abuse "one giant, cruel con on an unsuspecting public," which threatened to "wantonly cast aside the traditional rights of privacy and parenthood." Heaven forbid. There he, he said, "absolutely no evidence to suggest child abuse is more serious than it has been in the past." And in the past it was perfectly fine, wasn't it. It made our country what it was, strong and free. The same paper he writes for carries the story of a 19-month-old baby battered to death. The child had been taken previously from her parents, then returned to their custody despite a police officer's prediction that she wouldn't live three months if returned to them. Her paper also carries ads for the movies, *Teenage Jail-Bait* and *Prison Babies — The True Story of Teenage Girls in Prison*, in erotic colour. Claire Hoy, Toronto Sun, protector of children. "Ontario recorded 770 cases of child abuse in 1978 but it is estimated — as in every other province — that records merely reflect a fraction of the total." This from a less than ideal source, that of Barry Lee writing in *The Canadian Magazine*. "Any public health nurse, children's aid society staffer or hospital emergency ward intern can supply the stark details: the rape, mutilation, battering of children by a father or a mother. The cases of torture and imprisonment. The erosion of the spirit by fear and the family violence that drives so many children into mental collapse, even suicide. Children, after all, are still regarded as chattels."

"The National Gay Task Force still building the slogan 'We are our brothers'." "Are we so sure we want to be?"

By Michael Rlordon □



For Andrea Dworkin, there is no question. For many others, suppression of erotic material can bring only guilt and government censorship.

Body Politic/11

breasts mutilated by a knife she is entertainment, the boy-next-door's favourite fantasy, every man's precious. Every woman's potential fate.

The woman tortured is sexual entertainment.

The woman tortured is sexually arousing.

The anguish of the woman tortured is sexually exciting.

The degradation of the woman tortured is sexually entrancing.

The humiliation of the woman tortured is sexually pleasing, sexually thrilling, sexually gratifying.

Women are degraded and terrorized by men. Women are degraded and terrorized by men. Rape is terrorism. Medical butchering is terrorism. Sexual abuse in its hundred million forms is terrorism.

Women's bodies are possessed by men. Women are forced into involuntary childbearing because men, not women, control women's reproductive functions. Women are an exploited population — the crop we harvest is children, the fields we work are houses. Women are forced into committing sexual acts with men to retain integrity because the universal religion — contempt for women — has as its first commandment that women exist purely as sexual fodder for men.

Women are an occupied people. Our very bodies are possessed, taken by others who have an inherent right to take, used or abused by others who have an inherent right to use or abuse. The ideology that enforces and justifies this systematic degradation is a fascist ideology — the ideology of political inferiority. No matter how it is disguised, no matter what refinements pretty it up, this ideology, reduced to its essence, postulates that women are functionally suited to function only as breeders, pieces of ass, and servants. This fascist ideology of female inferiority is the predominant ideology of our era. As Shulamith Firestone put it in *The Dialectic of Sex*, "Sex class is so deep as to be invisible." That women exist to be used by men is, quite simply, a common point of view, and the concomitant of this point of view, inextricably linked to it, is that violence used against women to force us to fulfill our so-called natural functions is a justifiable violence at all. Every act of terror or crime committed against women is justified as sexual necessity and/or is dismissed as utterly unimportant. This extreme callousness passes as normalcy, so that when women, after years or decades or centuries of unresolvable abuse, do raise our voices in outrage at the crimes committed against us, we are accused of stupidity or lunacy, or are ignored as if we were flecks of dust instead of flesh and blood.

We women are raising our voices now, because all over this country a new campaign of terror and vilification is being waged against us. Fascist propaganda celebrating sexual violence against women is sweeping this land. Fascist propaganda celebrating the degradation of women is inundating cities, college campuses, small towns. Pornography is the propaganda of sexual fascistism. Pornography is the propaganda of sexual terrorism. Images of women bound, bruised, and maimed on virtually every street corner, on every magazine rack, in every drug store, in movie house and movie house, on billboard and on posters pasted on walls, are death threats to a female population in rebellion. Female rebellion against male political despotism, female rebellion against male sexual authority, is now a reality throughout this country. The men, meeting rebellion with an escalation of terror and pain, are murdering female bodies in every public place.

We are forced either to capitulate, to be beaten back by the images of degradation into silent acceptance of female abuse as a fact of life, or to develop strategies of resistance derived from a fully conscious will to resist. If we capitulate — smile, be good, pretend that the woman in chains has nothing to do with us, avert our eyes as day — we have lost everything. What,

after all, does all our work against rape or wife-beating amount to when none of their pictures was worth a thousand of our words?

Strategies of resistance are developing. Women are increasingly refusing to accept the penis, humiliating to let the sexual humiliation of women for fun, pleasure, and profit is the industry's most common ploy. Men, petitioning, leafleting, picketing, boycotts, organized vandalism, speak-outs, teach-ins, and letter-writing campaigns, informants and militant harassment of distributors and exhibitors of woman-hating films, and an unyielding refusal to give aid and comfort to the politically self-righteous fellow-travellers of the pornographers are increasing, as feminists refuse to cower in the face of this new campaign of annihilation. These are beginning actions. Some are rude and some are civil. Some are short-term actions, spontaneously ignited by outrage. Others are long-term strategies that require extensive organization and commitment. Some disregard male law, break it with militancy and pride. Others refuse to demand that the law must protect women from brazen terrorization. All of these actions arise out of the true perception that pornography as an act promotes violent contempt for the integrity and rightful freedom of women. And, despite male claims to the contrary, feminists, not men, are being arrested and prosecuted by male law enforcers, all suddenly "civil libertarians" when male privilege is confronted on the streets by angry, bloody women. The concept of "civil liberties" in this country has not ever, and does not now, embody principles and behaviours that respect the sexual rights of women. Therefore, when pornographers are challenged by women; police, district attorneys, and judges punish the women, all the while rhetorically claiming to be the legal guardians of "free speech." In fact, they are the legal guardians of male profit, male property, and phallic power.

Feminists actions against pornography must blanket the country, so that no pornographer can hide from, ignore, ridicule, or find refuge from the outrage of women who will not be silent. Wherever women claim any dignity or want any possibility of freedom, we must confront the fascist propaganda that celebrates atrocity against us head on — expose it for what it is, expose those who make it, those who show it, those who defend it, those who consent to it, those who enjoy it.

In the course of this difficult and dangerous struggle, we will be forced, as we experience the transgression of those who commit and support these crimes against us, to ask the hardest and deepest questions, the ones we so dread:

- what is this male sexuality that requires our humiliation, that literally swells with pride at our anguish;
- what does it mean that yet again — and after years of feminist activity — the men (gay, leftist, whatever) who proclaim a commitment to social justice are resolute in their refusal to face up to the meaning and significance of the anti-feminist advocacy of yet another woman-hating plague;
- what does it mean that the pornographers, the consumers of pornography, and the apologists for pornography are the men we grew up with, the men we talk with, live with, the men who are familiar to us and often cheered by us as friends, fathers, brothers, and sons;
- how, surrounded by this flesh of our flesh that despises us, will we defend the worth of our bodies, establish our own authentic integrity, and, at last, achieve our freedom? □

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Andrea Dworkin is the author of *Woman's Work* (Doubleday, 1974) and *Our Blood: Pornography and Discourse on Sexual Politics* (Harper and Row, 1976). She is currently working on a feminist analysis of pornography, to be published by Anchor/Doubleday in 1981.

In the April 1978 issue of *TBP*, Gerald Hannon expresses sharp disagreement with the feminist position on obscenity laws — specifically the presentation made by Anne Clark and Debra Lewis to the Parliamentary Committee on Justice and Legal Affairs. Hannon condemns the feminist position, "Intelligent, articulate, impassioned, and wrong," he calls it. Hannon's own position on the issue is simple enough, if not simplistic: "There should be only one reason to appeal before the government on the topic of pornography, and that is to demand the abolition of all laws that would restrict its use or distribution."

Hannon's stand, the position of *TBP* and that of gay liberation are directly opposed to the feminist position. Let's and the charade. We disagree and it is time that we examined the implications of this basic political conflict. Because both feminist and gay movements are liberation movements, it has become convenient and satisfying to assume that our interests coincide in all cases. This allows us to presuppose that our differences are merely ones of emphasis, political skill or sophistication; that there is in fact ONE RIGHT position for both movements. If only we can find it; that disagreement is essentially an internal matter which can be resolved by persuasion or compromise. We believe it is in the interests of both movements to rid ourselves of this delusion.

Feminists and gay liberationists do have much in common, can and should work together as allies on many issues. However, the basic concern of women as expressed through feminism and the self-interest of gay men do not always coincide. At last we have some clear-cut evidence of this fact of life. Hannon insists that if society adopted a *laissez-faire* stance on pornography and a simple no-censorship line we can expect to live happily ever after.

We can choose to protest bigoted and political decisions to censor, as we have done in the case of *Pratty Baby*, or we can settle back and watch the ongoing brutalization of women for profit, content with the fact that at least we are being victimized in a "free" society.

Another option is particularly attractive, but we have come to realize that there is no best of all possible worlds. We have chosen. We will challenge the censor every time he makes a move, and we will not consent with our interests. But no amount of liberal rhetoric will convince us that we should leave cold-blooded entrepreneurs free to put us down. This is clearly not the same choice that gay liberation has made.

Gay liberation is male, regardless of the number of lesbians — never very many — who are in its ranks. This is reflected in its political stance and in its priorities. And this is as it should be. Consciousness of oppression and therefore the drive for change must proceed from the gut. Otherwise that drive is in danger of becoming abstracted, of melting into humanitarian liberalism — of losing its bite. Feminists must not expect men, straight or gay, to drop their own immediate concerns and make out to battle their priority. We are not interested in that kind of solidarity, or in the kind that finds other liberationists trying to incorporate or subsume feminism into the so-called larger, i.e., their, contexts. When we have differences, no one is necessarily misguided and in need of a steady hand to lead us onto the right path. Specifically in the case of censorship, we are not wrong when we disagree; our interests are legitimately different.

Gay liberation would do well to cease paying lip-service to feminism on the one hand while interpreting our interests for us on the other. It is not only hypocritical and chauvinistic, it is also plain bad for their own cause. It is the same attitude that continues to keep feminists and Marxists at odds with each other. Whether it results from a

"Pornography is the propaganda of sexual terrorism. Images of women bound, bruised and maimed... are death threats to a female population in rebellion."



We have found that this is not so. In fact, as women, we expect that the abolition of censorship would give us few advantages and a lot more of *Snuff*. It is in the interests of women to make a beginning at changing the "victim" stereotype which makes it acceptable to be a "normal" to brutalize. It is this victim stereotype that is celebrated in *Snuff* and in much of the pornography that Hannon and the *TBP* would rescue for the sake of their liberation. Feminists have determined that we have more to gain and less to lose if *Snuff* and similar obscenities which pose a danger to women are stopped. Hannon in his article has helped to clarify another crucial point — that we as women have more to gain and less to lose from specific guidelines governing violence in pornography than we — and that includes gay men.

We are not stupid. We know that we run the risk that censorship guidelines can be used against us, against our art and our politics. If we must defend the depiction of healthy nudity or consensual sex, whether straight or gay, we are willing to pay the price (at any rate, it is not the case that any ban on "cocks & balls" or on *Ulysses* follows from the Standing Committee Reports). Feminists have two options.

drive to dominate or from sheer myopia, it is incompatible with real cooperation. The answer maybe not the whole answer) is right there in the government's rationale: any loosening of the restrictions on sexuality is a danger to the family. There has been at least one consensus among the anti-sexist forces.

Susan Cole

Eve Zaremba

Toronto

Capitalism, it seems to me, is a system essentially without harmony. The government has the job of a conductor charged with wringing music from an orchestra in which each player has a different score. Some tunes it still manages, or it would have no audience. But some players in this chaos fit no finds too discordant and wishes to end. The government has moneyed interests at heart. Why then is it so eager to place severe restrictions on one of its moneyed constituents — pornography? We must look closely because in this case the restrictions would seem to coincide with the interests of the anti-sexist movement. The answer maybe not the whole answer) is right there in the government's rationale: any loosening of the restrictions on sexuality is a danger to the family. There has been at least one consensus among the anti-sexist forces.

that the family is at the very root of sex.

Are we then to support pornographers because what they do may weaken the family? No. And I don't think it was proscribing that. For both government and pornographers are propelled by money and not by people's needs. That they are at odds is no wonder in this ensemble of discord. It would be folly to throw our lot in with one of these enemies against the other. And folly beyond comprehension to support the government — which is intent on lumping us with the pornographers and crushing us with them.

Won't the government be gleeful when it can close down a lesbian magazine, because of its sexual content, and defuse the protest by saying, "these are the laws which feminists asked for."

Merv Walker
Toronto

The May issue of *TBP* contained a letter from Mariana Valverde on feminism and pornography which really needs to be answered because it supports the most dangerous idea: that liberation — in this case, sexual liberation — can be promoted by repressive legislation and censorship.

When people on the right, the Anita Bryants and Simma Holts, advocate authoritarian means of this kind "for the good of society," one knows how to evaluate their demands. They are the enemies of any kind of liberation, and can be dealt with accordingly. But when people who identify with a liberation movement, such as feminism, the liberation or gay liberation, promote repressive legislation as a means of achieving their ends — our ends — there is a danger of a different kind, the danger that the movement will sabotage its own goals by choosing the wrong means to achieve them.

The fundamental fallacy of which people like Valverde are guilty is the belief that because something is bad, or appears to be bad, it ought to be banned.

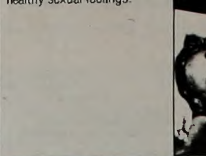
Valverde has completely missed the point of the two articles in *TBP*'s April issue, as I understood them. The article opposed anti-pornography legislation because (1) it would be used for repressive purposes, e.g. against gays — by those who enforce it and (2) it doesn't work. Valverde somehow contrives this as a defense of the pornography industry and its products.

This is a complete misunderstanding of the issue. The pornography industry is exploitative, and mostly interested in making money. (So is the food industry, the tourist industry, the mass media, etc.) — our society always degrades and warps human needs by only meeting them if it is possible to make money doing so. And certainly most pornography is terrible stuff: unimaginative, exploitative of women, etc.

There is no dispute that it is necessary to criticize, boycott, and oppose exploitative pornography. Despite what Valverde claims, I do not hear anyone attempting "a whole-hearted defense of any and all pornography." What is at issue is the question of whether people who support sexual liberation should stand on the right, the puritans and the reactionaries, in supporting the idea that the state should impose a certain view of what should be allowed and what shouldn't. What is at issue is not that there are 'good' movies and 'bad' movies, 'good' books and 'bad' books, but ideas that the state — or any powerful group, church, media, "the revolution" — should have the power to decide what may be read and seen (and may not be read and seen. Or more accurately, what may be read and seen legally) and what will be read and seen illegally.)

It is a fact that sexuality is an important subject in literature and art. There can also be — and this is where those interested in liberation must stand in opposition to the repressive right — good pornography, literature and art whose purpose is to arouse the reader or viewer in a way that promotes healthy sexual feelings and activity. Sexual

"Sexuality is an important subject in literature and art. There can be good pornography... that promotes healthy sexual feelings."



arousal, after all, tends to be a good thing, so art that is sexually exciting can be a good thing also.

The question is: who is to decide whether a particular piece of art is good or bad, whether it is exploitative or non-exploitative, whether it should be banned or not? Surely the answer must be that no one can be trusted with the power to make such decisions for other people.

To defend obscenity laws at the present time is to give such authority to those who now have power and influence: the lawmakers, the crown prosecutors, the Toronto Stars, the police. They would interpret the laws, and they would use them to suppress what they consider obscene.

The pornography industry and its products must be opposed, but they must not be opposed by measures that are worse than the problem. They must not be opposed at the price of giving their enemies more weapons to use against us.

Three other things should also be considered. 1. The market for unhealthy pornography has been created by sexual repression. More repression will worsen the problem, not solve it. 2. The exploitative portrayal of women in pornography is a reflection of societal attitudes. It is primarily an effect, not a cause. (Surely no one believes that pornography has caused sexism?) 3. Despite the many things wrong with it, it is clear from numerous studies that the free availability of pornography reduces sex crimes.

Finally, one comment on a remark of Valverde's. She refers to Gerald Hannon's criticism of Lorraine Clark and Debra Lewis ("thoughtful, intelligent, articulate, impassioned — and wrong") as "an insult to women." Surely there is a difference between an insult and a criticism. Surely to state the opinion that two women are wrong on a particular issue is not an insult to all women. Remarks like that contribute nothing to an atmosphere of positive discussion.

Ulf Diemer
Toronto

Through I love pornography, I do not believe in freedom of the press, where freedom is interpreted as permission to represent just anything. I should like to defend Lorraine Clark's views on pornography from Gerald Hannon's onslaught (*TBP*, April). Hannon's error lies not in being sexist, but in confusing political savvy with political doctrine. Hannon's concern is that Ms. Clark's desire to be turned into ideology by repressive legislators. This worry has turned out to be justified: Ms. Clark's desire to see degradation be the sole criterion for obscenity has been disassembled into nakedness in the federal omnibus porn bill. Degradation has merely been tacked on (along with the homophile) to the already existing list of criteria.

Nevertheless Ms. Clark's desire is a good one and though it was conceived primarily to cover straight porn, it has a special appropriateness for gay porn. If we are not careful enough to suppose that that porn is self-contained, but has a social effect (check out the back rooms and 'lounges' of porn houses if you're unsure) and so ought to be subjected to social evaluation, then it seems to me that portrayals of gays degrading

gays for the titillation of other gays should be banned as promoting self-hatred. Take for example the golden shower sequence from the Gages' *Kansas City Trucking Co.*, in which a group of would-be-cowboy truckers hew down, in art, vaselined, slow motion, a kneeling, slightly bowed hippy, the scene, which is gratuitous in an otherwise fun flick, should simply be clipped as degrading to gays. I do not wish to suggest bannings based on certain taboo subject matters (or 'inappropriate objects of sexual gratification' as the law would have it), but solely on whether the portrayals are degrading or not; and this requires evaluative judgment. It seems to me, for instance, that in Wakefield Poole's classic *Moving* the first fastfucking sequence is junky-dirty while the second is the most degrading thing I've ever seen. Pornographers (see Poole's comments on this scene in *Advocate* no. 238, of Gage's comments in *In Touch* no. 34) and other libertarian ideologues (John Rechy, John Lee) try to rationalize degrading sexual performances by the claim that the participants are consenting adults. This claim, however, naively assumes that no one ever knowingly does wrong.

Perhaps Hannon too is a libertarian. In any case he claims that all porn laws should be abolished because they are vacuous. But the best laws are guidelines and are not quantifiable (as are applicable to sex tables). They contain evaluative language which requires interpretation and judgement in their execution (read the Bill of Rights for starters). What is needed is not the elimination of such institutions as the Ontario Film Censors Board, but the inclusion on them of an open gay member with good taste, whose views in matters gay would be taken as final as a matter of senatorial courtesy. Every cocksucker knows the moment at which in sexual manipulations he is turned from a willing, desiring mutual participant into a tolerating instrument of masturbation. It is at this moment that the censor's knife should fall.

Richard Mohr
Toronto

It was dusk when they knocked on the door — that time of day when it is most difficult to define anything with any degree of certainty.

They were neat and clean-cut. One of them carried an excellent style briefcase. If this were the '50s or early '60s, they would pass for a couple of typical salesmen hawking the *Encyclopedia Britannica* from door to door. In 1978, however, no one would mistake this pair of super-straight robots for anything other than a couple of RCMP officers doing the only thing they know how — following orders. That is exactly how they described their mission when I questioned their presence on my doorstep.

When I asked to see a warrant, one of them produced a document entitled "Confirmation of Oath." It was of several days vintage and signed by a justice of the peace. Among other things, it mentioned that it was valid only during daylight hours. I pointed out to the officer bearing the document that it was no longer daylight. He shrugged his shoulders and retorted that it didn't really matter as his col-

league was in possession of a "Writ of Assistance."

Customs and Excise officials had intercepted some "dirty books" sent by first class mail from Europe for my own personal use. As they "had reason to believe" that I might be in possession of other similar material, they had ordered a raid on my private residence.

The officers looked through the books and separated them into two piles — "OK" and "Not OK." From time to time one would ask the other his opinion of a particular book and act accordingly.

When the gallant protectors of my morals left with a box full of porn, it didn't exactly make me feel like a private sex life. The remaining material does the job more than adequately.

Other aspects of the affair did, however, bother me greatly.

The fact that my home was not treated with respect as a private place where I could lead my own private life.

The fact that Customs and Excise officials will refuse to inform a member of the public of what they consider obscene and illegal, but will notify the RCMP that I have broken one of their vague laws so that they have illegally opened my mail.

The fact that two totally unqualified individuals should decide what I may or may not do in my private life.

The fact that most Canadians don't seem to give a damn as long as it doesn't directly affect them.

Me today, you tomorrow, all Canadians in the near future.

Possible?

You better believe it. If you don't, we're all in trouble, bad trouble. I have just received word from the RCMP informing me that the material they seized, and which they subsequently grossly overvalued, is being confiscated for non-payment of duty.

Alan Buckley
Toronto

Delegates to the 1978 conference of the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition voted overwhelmingly to oppose new legislation pending in Canada which would broaden the definition of obscenity, and impose harsher penalties on lawbreakers.

The resolution was prefaced by the following: "Whereas the suppression of erotic material does nothing to attack the roots of the oppression of women..."

Does nothing to attack the roots. Pornography which degrades women, which includes violence — yes, yes, there's a lot of it — is simply one more cultural expression of the fact that women are a "terrorized people." By no means is it the most important.

Movies tell the same story. Television does it consummately well, does it daily, does it for far more men — and women — than would ever pick up a copy of Hustler.

Laws won't stop it.

Laws might stop The Body Politic. *TBP*'s case is a clear example of the way obscenity laws will be used. They do nothing to attack the roots of the oppression of women. The definition of women, "reports the Advisory Council on the Status of Women," "the existence of violence, and the expression of horror and cruelty will not be achieved by suppressing their depiction." Such laws will attack, and possibly destroy, publications exploring what our sexuality means. Should *TBP* be forced out of existence by punitive fines, it would not be very reassuring that some feminists will decide to "protest such a bigoted and political decision."

If material exists which offends a group, that group has the right that group should make clear what such material is really doing, no matter how it is disguised. And that group should insist to change a society which depends for its identity on the production of such material.

Calling for pornography legislation is calling for the state to do some of your bidding, that group for you. No one — at least of all feminists — should make that mistake.

by Gerald Hannon □
Body Politic/13

Join Gay Ontario

The next Ontario Provincial Gay Conference is being planned for the Labour Day Weekend. It is to take place at St Clair College in Windsor. Individual lesbians and gay men are welcome to attend, as well as those associated with specific political, religious, social or other groups.

We hope to make it a relaxing weekend with cultural, sporting, entertainment, and political events. We want you to take part in shaping the future of CGRO, and we welcome your suggestions. Please fill out the information below and we will keep you informed of developments.

Thank you.

Do you associate yourself with a particular gay/women's/lesbian organization? ☐ Yes ☐ No
If so, which one? _____

Which of the following events/workshops would appeal to you at a weekend conference?

- ☐ Dance
- ☐ Banquet
- ☐ Gay Parents
- ☐ Gay Youth
- ☐ Child Custody
- ☐ Rape Workshop
- ☐ Live Entertainment
- ☐ Religious Caucus
- ☐ What is Obscene?
- ☐ Literary/art displays
- ☐ Counselling techniques
- ☐ Aging and its problems
- ☐ Competitive Sports
- ☐ Non-Competitive Sports or Games
- ☐ CGRO Today — A Crisis of Growth
- ☐ Gay Teachers — What are they doing?
- ☐ Gay Men/Women — Can we pool our strength?
- ☐ OTHERS _____

Do you have any special areas of interest? _____

Limited number available!

The Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario is making available to the general public copies of the brief recently presented to the Ontario Legislature.

The brief has been well received at Queen's Park, and has prompted editorial comment in Toronto dailies calling for the inclusion of sexual orientation in the Ontario Human Rights Code.

For your copy, send \$1.50 to:
CGRO
PO Box 156, Stn P
Toronto, ON
M5S 2S7

Attoral to members of the Ontario Legislature

Discrimination
and the
Gay Minority

THE NEW AGE

Romance

Romance is such a difficult topic. I think a hundred disconnected things all at once. It's fabulous but it's contradictory: a reason to live — and something to slit your wrists over. I think of it as an intense experience which is always stimulating, and often a pleasant sensation.

Being in love means being excessive. Excess of emotion, excess of confusion, excess of perfume, of flowers, candy. Love isn't just blue, it's oceans of blue. It doesn't just make the world go round, it spins the whole universe (with you know who at the centre). But one thing about excess is that you can never overdo it, which is perhaps love's most attractive feature.

Romantic situations have no models apart from melodramas. Melodramas are completely predictable, which makes people feel secure as they go through the motions of being in love. But they're also narrowing and confining, they lead to frustration. And they are boring. Is your life a soap opera? Mine is, at least in part. How depressing.

Melodramas are primarily a heterosexual invention. That is to say, they are a product of the dominant ideology, the dominant role-model — which is heterosexual. In our own lives we have been captured by heterosexual methods of romance. We are constantly under attack.

Or is it so bad? Heterosexual role-models have their sinister effect, but there are exceptions to every rule. If we don't want the "normal" alternatives, we can make brave attempts at something new. We can be anti-normal.

People are always talking about "maturity" when they talk about sex. Somehow they assume that as one gets older one unravels the big secret.

I think sex is always totally mysterious. We approach it intuitively, and there's no age at which one becomes more intuitive, more "capable" of dealing with it.

Sex Involves a lot of absurd rituals which have a lot to do with our view of romance. Weddings are one reflection, one night stands another.

Disco music is beating out "I'll NEEEEEED AAA MAAAAAAN." Drink in hand, I'm posing languidly by the far wall, looking for... the man of my dreams. I'm thinking about what a funny situation it is, but nobody else thinks so. No fun-and-games in this joint, disco heaven is dead serious.

I am attracted to people and I don't know why. Often they're of the most banal sort, often it's because they fulfill (in the most basic way) some romantic vision. I want to make it with a Russian sailor. Or an airline pilot. Most of all, I want to have a really torrid affair with an Italian.

Someone very handsome, I think, who knew a few good pasta dishes and could sing me Neapolitan arias in the evening. It's such a classic thing, you know, so exotic — Botticelli faces, bronzed bodies artfully sunning themselves on the rocks by the Isle of Capri. Someday I'll probably have an affair with an Italian and find out something quite different, but for now, it's an entertaining obsession.

X and I are walking on the evening of the first snow. Nothing but white in front of us, behind us nothing but footprints trailing into a very short horizon. His profile cuts through the dots of snow separating the two of us. We stop under a tree and breathe into each other's faces while we talk about what we are going to do next.

by Tim Guest



Books

Making it in the murder market

A Reason to Kill is Canada's first dyke detective novel. Eve Zaremba talks about writing it.

Eve Zaremba explained to me one sunny June afternoon that she didn't sit down to write *A Reason to Kill*, she sat down to write a detective novel — as a dare to herself. "I've read a lot of mystery novels, a lot of detective stories, and I like them. I enjoy the genre — I enjoy all the traditional characteristics of mysteries. The idea of writing one came to me about two years ago while I was driving back to Toronto from British Columbia, and I decided to do it and see what happened. I chose to write a mystery because I don't think I'm a serious novelist. I wanted to do something with a formula. *A Reason to Kill* was written within the tradition of the genre. I thought, 'obviously a woman detective.' Then all I had to do was come up with a plot, and that wasn't very hard."

It took Eve a year to actually write the novel. I asked her if she thought she could churn them out like Agatha Christie does. "Well, I've written another one. I've written the first draft of a follow-up, so I think it is probably quite possible to write one a year."

As Eve said, *A Reason to Kill* employs a lot of the techniques of the traditional mystery novel. I wondered if she intended it to be a parody. But she thinks that by now all mysteries are parodies of "the mystery novel," "in a sense that we've all been regurgitated after some of the classics" — works by Hammett, Christie, Chandler, Sayers. After a while the contemporary mystery writer couldn't avoid sounding like a parody. *A Reason to Kill* is not a deliberate parody. I only intended to write a fast-moving, contemporary and, I hope, popular mystery novel. I was hardly trying to be innovative.

But despite that disclaimer, *A Reason to Kill*, while carefully defined by the traditions of mystery, has its own approach. Most detective novels are written by, and about, straight men (though there are notable exceptions written by the female masters of the craft, and by and large the heterosexual world view predominates). Quite logically, Eve Zaremba's own world view colours her novel. Some of the passing social commentary is subtle, some of it — the feminism for instance — is not, but either way it is hard to miss. "If there's any political content in the book, and I think there is some," Eve explains, "it is mainly on the gay issue. We are surrounded by a world in which heterosexuality is assumed, and I want to write novels in which that is not the case. The fact that the detective, Helen Keramos, is a lesbian is — to anyone who doesn't start with an assumption of heterosexuality — quite clear. If readers start with an assumption of heterosexuality, they are going to miss half the book. It's not their problem, as far as I'm concerned; they shouldn't have started with that assumption. In this particular novel, the plot has a gay theme, so that made it quite easy. But I'm going to write other novels in which it's not safe to assume everyone's straight, but they won't necessarily have gay plots."

The victim in *A Reason to Kill* is a gay man. What were the considerations behind that decision? One was that Eve believes society still thinks that what happens to men is more important than what happens to women, especially in relation to sexuality. Eve told me that Martin, the victim, "being a young gay man fit the plot better — he made it more credible." But another reason, a more significant one, is that "I wanted to write a book in which gayness was an issue. It would have been harder for me to write if the victim had been a gay woman. I don't think I'm prepared, at this point, to deal with something I'm that close to. I can achieve sufficient distance in talking about and dealing



Eve Zaremba. "I think lesbianism should just be part of the fabric of things. I know that this is a total fantasy."

with being gay in relation to a man in a way that I don't think I could in relation to a woman."

What impact does Eve think the novel will have on the straight reader? "I don't think it's going to have any startling impact. Your average mystery reader may think it's a little different, at least I hope so. For most of them it will be just one more mystery. Perhaps once the series is underway, once there are three or four novels like this out, who knows, something might start to jell. But one book isn't going to make a big difference either way — to me or anyone else. I just hope more than anything that it stands on its own feet as a piece of mystery writing."

Eve didn't really have any trouble getting *A Reason to Kill* published. "Of course I got refusals from publishers. I submitted it to several places simultaneously and Paperjacks, the one that I wanted, came through. I wrote the kind of book that they publish and I wanted a company with as large a distribution in Canada as possible and they have it. It's only published in Canada and that's a problem. There's no money in it."

"One amusing incident on the road to getting it published was the blurb on the back. You might not have noticed, but there's nothing anywhere on the cover to indicate that the book has a gay theme, which I found quite 'surprising,' shall we say. I operate on the assumption that mass market publishers are into exploitation. In fact, I was all prepared to fight against some misrepresentation or sensationalization of homosexuality. Instead, I find myself stuck with this really dull little blurb. And there's no doubt in my mind that in this case, a certain amount of homophobic over-ruled the profit motive. Just a little mention of the gay content of the book on the cover would have opened up a whole new market in addition to the regular mystery market. But I was told that an ed in T&P was all it would take to get the gay market. The argument is absurd, and I can't believe that it does have something to do with the fact that they are just plain uncomfortable with homosexuality. They accepted the manuscript; they thought it would sell, that it's a good book within its terms of reference, but well... we all know the story."

Eve is quite upfront about her detective, Helen, being a dyke. But nowhere in the course of the story does she actually come out to any of the other characters. I asked Eve why. "I don't think it was necessary to spell it out. It's not hidden — she's even called a dyke — it should be obvious. I think that lesbianism should just be part of

the fabric of things. I know that this is a total fantasy. But then, I chose to write a book that's a total fantasy — as all mysteries are. Helen's lesbianism is only expressed in terms that are sort of organic. She very clearly doesn't have a husband or boy friend, she relates primarily to women. She doesn't pretend to be straight, she just goes along and does her job. I've been asked the question 'But what about her personal

life?' Meaning her sex life. Maybe there will be a book when I'm old and grey about Helen and her sex life, but right now, I'm writing mysteries. And in real mysteries — not the sleazy ones — the detective does not have a sex life. The mind that unravels the plot is the real concern." I thought about that. Part of me wants Helen Keramos to be a blatant dyke stomping around showing the rest of the world how it should be done. But another part of me recognizes that many a real life tough dyke gets by just the way Helen Keramos does — not by pretending to be straight, but by simply going along and doing a job.

I found that many of the characters in *A Reason to Kill* were people in my world. Most mysteries are about people completely foreign to me, people at weekend house parties, bridge games in elegant Victorian mansions, vacationers in exotic places. I had to remind myself that to the average, straight reader of mysteries the radical activist crankling away at the gas heater in the basement, the gay businessman/operator, the dyke ex-soldier turned investigator are just as unfamiliar, maybe even more unfamiliar.

As Eve says, "The characters in mystery stories are not the people in most people's lives. People read mysteries to escape the real world. You, and I, and a small minority that can relate to the book on a different level. It isn't written mainly for us to read, but it is written for us in the sense that it strives not to exploit us or distort our experience."

by Gillian Bearchell

A Reason to Kill

Eve Zaremba

Paperjacks, 1978, \$1.95

Eve Zaremba's first novel provides a rollicking romp through the genre of detective fiction. All the ingredients are present: a mysterious disappearance which leads to the hiring of a no-nonsense detective; several evasive characters who have their own investments in withholding the truth and hampering the search; and one character at whom the finger of guilt consistently points. A finger of guilt which shifts, as it usually does, from the most uneasy character to the most unlikely. And of course, we should not forget the moment at which all the suspects are gathered in one room and, under the ruthless probing of the private eye, the real murderer gives himself away.

It is the sheer predictability of the genre which supplies Zaremba with the trappings for parody. Sharp, hard-hitting prose, a female private eye who plays the usual macho games associated with Mickey Spillane, a hero who gets herself out of scrapes by being tougher than her opposition and who wears the wounds of the good who do combat with evil. All the elements create sympathy for the hero, who is, after all, quite human: she gets scouped, she has friends, she works like a beaver to solve a case, and all this with a relentless morality by which she sees herself as a force for justice and equality.

Who could resist Helen Keramos, with her insights into human culpability and her willingness to put herself on the line? The scene which places her on the lake with the prime suspect, Henry Borg, is the stuff of which this kind of fiction is made: spine-tingling, nerve-crushing tension of foe against foe, pitted against each other, each searching for the other's fatal flaw.

And now for the cast of suspects: Katherine Payne, a sculptress who is remarkably indifferent to the disappearance of her son; Don McPherson, her alcoholic husband and a maker of pots at F&T; Oscar Borg, the elusive

friend of the vanished Martin, and his father Henry, a business magnate who wants Oscar to step into his shoes and is willing to put Martin in cement shoes to do it. Har-har. Borg's servants, Molly and Fred Sharp, know more than they say and far less than they think, and Nate Ottoline, introduced to us as a Yonge Street shark who dabbles in porn films and "swings both ways," turns out to be the gangster with all the markings of the pushycat, or vice versa.

A homosexual orientation on the part of Helen Keramos is implicit. She gets documentation and affection from Alex Edwards, a CBC reporter, and she drops in at Toronto gay clubs on Jarvis and Pape. She responds to suspect McPherson's insults regarding her "butch charm" and her dyke cruising potential with an insouciance intended to return snarl with snarl.

Two things worry my sense of credibility: the reason a West Coast investigator is hired to explore a possible murder in Ontario, and the *deus ex machina* by which Zaremba disposes of the problem of what to do with the murderer once he is discovered. Justice is meted out in godlike fashion, confirming the contention that *A Reason to Kill* is sheer escapism fiction.

There is a healthy air of feminism about Helen Keramos, implicit in her impressions of certain female characters and in her sympathy with women living roles as leftist cliché and clerical gofer girl. Just as Zaremba also plays with the trappings of machismo, with the language of fists and wisecracks, of verbal jousts and the preparedness to do violence. Some of the latter is incredible, as when Keramos takes on two hoods and single-handedly gets them to rout.

The truth and fret is that of a light-hearted yarn intended only for entertainment. I enjoyed reading *A Reason to Kill*, but only because I had time to kill. I don't often indulge myself in a genre whose predictability is wearing.

by Gillian Chase

Music



Gotham pizzazz: (from left) Gary Herb, David McDaniel and Michael Pace

whole point," as Gotham's musical director Ron Abel explained, "We're actors more than musicians. All we want is to keep the action going." And everyone did seem to be having a wonderful time, obviously delighted with either the group itself or their repertoire — a balanced mingling of poppy uptempo numbers and more somber songs concerned with the low drama of love and life.

Even when the musical activity took a pause the pace of on-stage banter went on. There are words — lots of them — in a Gotham show, although none appear on the album. Words, monologues, dialogues, riddles, jokes, riddles on everything send-upable from New York to L.A. Gotham liked dope and they liked New York, the present tense, the seventies and Mayor Koch's programme for equal employment; specifically the placement of homosexuals on New York's police and fire squads. Gary Herb gave the audience his impression of the effect of this policy. A fire captain at the scene of a fire gasped "Oh Mary," breathily. "It's too hot," he goes on, "My mascara'll run."

Gotham

El Mocambo, Toronto

Gotham made their third appearance in Toronto in mid-June. On the night I attended, there was an eager audience, coming back loudly and on cue with applause, laughs, reactions-on-request, responding actively to this "trio of singers in the 1970's." Gary Herb, Michael Pace and David McDaniel. "The

"We're not a gay act," Michael Pace stated flatly after the show. "We're gay, but the act isn't." He said that straight people "love the act" as much as gay people do, and it seems Gotham plays to predominantly heterosexual audiences frequently in the States. "If we were a gay act we wouldn't make jokes about women or politics," Pace said.

Gotham's jokes on women, after all, are made in the same tone as those on Mayor Koch's politics, are about as funny, and whether the act is or isn't "a gay act" makes little difference in light of the fact that it looks and sounds like a gay act, it such a phenomenon exists at all. As to why both straights and gays love the act, why not? The image projected is formally smooth, the pace is even and seriousness of any sort is avoided completely. The humour is sociable, not social, with a bitter overview of a society that exists under a heavy cover of double-entendre and cloy make. Sexuality is snatched out of the closet and dragged past the bed, to be spread on the table, poked at and ridiculed. This comedy may or may not derive from disillusionment with reality — certainly it's not from any coherent anger at it. At best it may be a clumsy attempt to exorcise threat and dread, but I fear the Camp Cabaret style demonstrates not only an inability to articulate the emotions and experiences of the young adult in "the modern era."

To Gotham, life might as well be a cabaret; all is pizzazz expressed by a plastic humour which amplifies the folly of life but does nothing to clarify it. I think they should trade their black swallow-tails on polyester leisure suits in shades of jade green.

by James Wilson



The Tom Robinson Band on the crest of the New Wave: (from left) "Dolphin" Taylor, Tom Robinson, Danny Kustow and Mark Ambley

Tom Robinson Band

El Mocambo, Toronto

The Tom Robinson Band played Toronto's El Mocambo June 10 and it was an inspiring set — not just another successful rock show or another promising talent. For the people who were there, Robinson was more than a new face, he was a new phenomenon, energetic music with lots of strong ideas to back it up. He sang about gay liberation, the Stonewall riot, and even dedicated a song to *The Body Politic*. He sang about Britain's neo-Nazi National Front, about racism, fascism, police harassment, and most of all about a world where right-wing forces like Anita Bryant are becoming so strong that we have to question our own survival. His music is designed to shake people out of their complacency and move them to action. It is anti-passive.

It is also "propaganda" — which some people are going to find offensive. It is great that an openly gay leftist should make it as a rock star, but music, I've always thought, is most effective

and moving when it phrases ideas indirectly, ambiguously, when it tugs at the heart strings rather than storming the brain. That may be true, but Tom Robinson isn't entirely an exception. I expected anti-prop backed on to rock and roll, but what he delivered was something infinitely more complex, and it was a knockout.

We should recall some of the roots of Robinson's music. Listening to the radio these days, it is difficult to believe that rock has anything like a radical tradition, but there was a time when the "music of teenage rebellion" was not a total cliché. Rock in the 50s was sexual in a period of repression, and in the 60s it was the catalyst for a whole counter-culture. For politics today to take rock as its medium or vice versa... well, it's not an unnatural development.

Moreover, the Tom Robinson Band has arrived on the scene after the crest of the New Wave. Bands like the Sex Pistols, the Clash, X-Ray Specs and countless others have created a new counter-culture that also functions as a support system. These bands define themselves as anti-status quo; the

performers involved are not worried about "ruining" their careers by taking strong political stands. Rock Against Racism has become a grassroots movement famous throughout Britain. Last May, when it organized bands to play at a demonstration against the National Front, the Tom Robinson Band, the Clash and X-Ray Specs performed and 50,000 people showed up to hear. So, while Tom Robinson is not the only political rocker on the scene, he is the most explicit.

Robinson is also the first and only out gay rock star, and the potential of this ought to be recognized. Imagine millions of suburban kids, ear to the radio, listening to "Long Hot Summer," or a thousand anxious closet cases reading the fabulous reviews. Not to mention the effect he is going to have on the tyranny of disco, which is the curse of the gay community. For many people Tom Robinson provides a new and positive identification with rock and roll. For me, it is politics electrified, and that in itself reveals a world of possibilities.

by Tim Guest

Books

The Break-up of our Camp

Stories 1932-1935

Paul Goodman

edited by Taylor Stoer

Black Sparrow Press, 1978, \$5.00
For 40 years Paul Goodman produced a book a year. Of all his writing he thought most highly of his poems and stories. A collected edition of the poems appeared in 1973 and now the collected stories has begun. This is the first of four volumes and it includes the earliest work that is neither incomplete nor juvenilia.

There are 11 independent stories and two story sequences here. The best are dazzling performances, masterpieces of tone and manner. While the tone varies, the manner is nearly always experimental, abstracting the meaningful gestures, thoughts, and encounters from the dramatic circumstances of realism and these are seldom realistic. Writing a 14-page tale about some Depression-era wars, Goodman in "The Wandering Boys" communicates most of the emotions and criticisms Steinbeck needed 600 pages of *The Grapes of Wrath* to deliver. He does it by refusing the conventionalities of realism and by reflecting a plausible action with its significance. This may destroy common credibility, but through tonal control — "The Wandering Boys" is merely pastoral, the version of parable is achieved.

The method is a legacy of the short story writing of Irving, Hawthorne, Melville, and Mark Twain. Goodman's favorite was Hawthorne. "Hiddings Clark" is based on the New England masters "The Minister's Black Veil," but with what a difference. The end of the story finds schoolteacher Clark naked and exclaiming, "I at least shan't wear a black veil." Instead of being overwhelmed by the fact of mortality as Hawthorne's minister was, Goodman's hero accepts it and rejoices in its possibilities for immediate contact, skin to the world.

Like his great predecessors, then, Goodman uses the American tradition of experimental short fiction for his own ends, which is old course now it is meant to be used. For readers committed to sexual liberation, the one of his ends perhaps most delightful is his eroticization of everyday life — more properly, his open acknowledgement of the eroticism of living. In the marvelously acute and whimsical "The propriety of St. Francis," a story partially about labor-industrial conflict, the saint's exchange with a young worker includes this lovely bit, "How thick his wrists are!" thought Francis. "They are as thick as Jess Willard's," he said, "let me measure your wrists."

(Yes, such wrists are the work of a loving God.) The two story sequences are also informed by daily politics. In fact the earlier of them, "Johnson," is primarily motivated by the vicissitudes of Johnson's love for Leonard and is based in Goodman's own experience. And there's more to them. The best of Goodman? Very likely. Bring on the next three volumes.

by Ray Olson

Homosexuality in Nazi Germany

For a book dealing with homosexuality in Nazi Germany and the Nazi persecution and extermination of homosexuals, the author would like to communicate with anyone who has either firsthand experience or firsthand source materials. Please contact:

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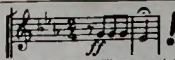
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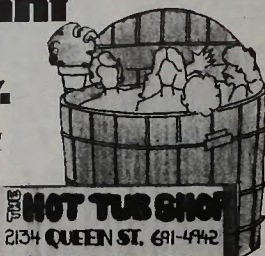
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OUR IMAGE

Books



Lesbian patron Winnareta Singer, help to the sewing machine fortune, with writer Colette

The Food of Love Princesse Edmond de Polignac (1865 - 1943) and her Salon

Michael de Cossart
Harnish Hamilton (Thomas Nelson
and Sons in Canada), 1978, \$18.50

Along with the Bloomsbury circle, the Paris artistic scene of the belle époque continues to fascinate gays of both sexes on this side of the Atlantic. Living in a subculture with more leather bars than poets' circles, North American gays with a taste for "high culture" are nostalgically attracted to the glittering world of pre-depression European salons, in which homosexuality was often one more mark of cultural sophistication, on a par with a talent for composing, an old aristocratic name or a propensity to consumption.

In recent years, this nostalgic curiosity has been partly satisfied as it concerns the Bloomsbury circle by a series of books written by second-generation hangers-on such as Quentin Bell and Nigel Nicolson. The world of the Parisian upper crust around the turn of the century, however, has not received much attention, at least from English-speaking writers. Proust's semi-fictional reminiscences remain the classic on the topic to this date, even though something begins to be known about the lesbian literary circles of Gertrude Stein, Natalie Barney, Colette, and the willing poet Renée Vivien. The book under review is a much-needed attempt to add to our knowledge of the period by revealing the world of the Princesse de Polignac, a lesbian who made and unmade artistic and musical reputations by careful orchestration of the artists' egos in her sumptuous salons in Paris, London, and Venice.

Although a composer and painter in her own right, Mme de Polignac (born Winnareta Singer) preferred to play the role of maecenas and pay everyone else to compose or paint, being especially fond of starving, avant-garde young talent of either sex. Her sexual preference remained strictly private: in artistic matters her only concern was to be seen as the trend-setting discoverer of the latest luminaries, and she did not make any special efforts to encourage lesbian or women artists.

A princess only by marriage, her immense wealth was due to her father Isaac Singer's world-famous sewing machine — mysterious references to this household appliance in the works of Jean Cocteau or Marcel Proust may in many cases be references to the woman's lifelong quest to redeem the sin of her money's humble origins by lavishly supporting avant-garde artists, from Eric Satie and Stravinsky to Isidore Dunin.

Michael de Cossart's book, unfortunately, is monotonous and badly written: lists of names, however famous, strung together with journalistic clichés do not an interesting book make, and the in-group anecdotes are few, far between, and badly told. The author will also provoke the contempt of gays with his "explanations" of lesbianism as being caused (in the Princesse's case) by the absence of a strong mother-figure and (in the case of Violet Trefusius) by the presence of a strong mother. Where do straight women come from, one wonders. Cossart further alienates any potential gay readers by irritatingly referring to lovers as "friends," as if denying the existence of lesbianism, and writing in a patronizing and sexist tone. Sample: "Elizabeth de Gramont, who had just abandoned herself of her husband, the Duc of Clermont-Tonnerre, in favour of Sapphic friendships..." is, from a literary point of view, affected, and from a political perspective, infuriating.

It would have been a pleasure to discover a sympathetic but detached account of the world of the Princesse de Polignac, something to balance Marcel Proust's excessively sensitive descriptions, which are, suffer nevertheless from being self-indulgent and clishy and which are, from the point of view of understanding homosexuality, extremely dated. Unfortunately, this book fails to provide either new information or intelligent analysis, and is definitely not worth its appropriately aristocratic price of \$18.50.

Incidentally, the catchy title *The Food of Love* (an allusion to "If music be the food of love, play on," from *Twelfth Night*) is rather badly chosen, since there is little about music and even less about love between the two covers, and rather a lot about elegance, indolence, and snobbery.

by Marlene Valverde

August 1978

Toronto Charter



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Metropolitan Life

Fran Lebowitz
 EP Dutton (Clarke, Irwin
 in Canada), 1978, \$10.75

Notes on Fran: First off, just because Fran's comments on everything under the sun, which are however endemic to New York (which means they do include everything under the sun), are written in short, caustic takes does not mean they have not been thought out and laboured at scrupulously. One imagines Fran over the hot stove of literary activity all day (well, from midnight to 1 AM) slaving away at trying to scuffle some prose. She whips up a storm most of the time; that she bombs occasionally is in part due to her perilous occupation as a humorist. I for one think she's the hunkiest sweet.

Speaking of which, Fran is not so naive as to believe that writing is not a grind like it is, after all, a "working girl." Writing is a grind, much like painting other people's houses during the summer, and is only worthwhile if you have the cash closed light in your fist or when your employer offers you the metaphorical equivalent of a hot bowl of soup.

The subjects through which Fran whizzes in her generally whiz-bang book, and which are subjects she generally despises, include digital clocks, consciousness-raising, conceptual art, Los Angeles, leisure elites, plants, copious consumption of amyl nitrate, the "essentials," and writing. Her style is brazenly epigrammatic (which I suppose is the only way to be epigrammatic). A specimen of some of her stunts: "A salad is not a meal. It's a style." Or, of poetry: "Generally speaking, it is inhumane to detain a fleeting insight." Or carping about a plant that, it said, generally makes its own food: "There is, I believe, something just the unbleached smug in that statement. And Generally Makes Its Own Food, does it? When you run across one that Generally Makes Its Own Money, give me a call."

Fran will doubtless appeal to those of the homosexual persuasion. Should we say it? Fran's is a finely honed gay humour. "Notes on Trick," a partial parody of Susan Sontag's "Notes on 'Camp,'" refers to a person with whom one has sexual congress, usually a stranger. "The mistreatment of Tricks," says Fran, "is the revenge of the intelligent upon the beautiful." And so it goes. That Metropolitan Life proliferates with manifestations of homosexuality (if better say gayness) is a direct result of everything in New York being either produced or provoked by gay culture, with the possible exception of St. Patrick's Cathedral (and there have been stories about that).

An observer of "the scene," Fran has been able to document and make caustic comments about just about everything about that. That includes strangely deployed pocket handkerchiefs, halos, how to become a pope, the literary possibilities of the vulva, children, disc jockeys, discos, cockroaches and any kind of trend. Fran is the first hip curmudgeon.

Fran herself, from the information with which she has privileged her reader, gives the impression she is not thoroughly likeable. Do not phone Fran before dinner. Never. Her typical day includes lounging in bed, smoking a fat fantasizing and putting off writing. An agent who phones her from the dread LA is "audibly tan." Her favorite way to wake up is to have "a certain French movie star whisper to me softly at two-thirty in the afternoon that I want to get to Sweden in time to pick up my Nobel Prize for Literature I had better bring for breakfast." It is at particularly poignant times as these that one realizes that Fran is no different from anyone else.

Because of her phone bills and her desperate need for a new apartment, Fran would appreciate your shelling out \$10.75 for her wonderfully wrought opinions.

August 1978 by Lawrence O'Toole □

Nonsense and Wonder

The Poems and Cartoons of
 Edward Lear
 EP Dutton (Clarke, Irwin
 in Canada), 1977, \$12.75

Edward Lear
 and his World

John Lehmann
 Scribner's, 1977, \$9.95

England's "Nonsense Laureate" and best known for his "Owl and the Pussycat," Edward Lear published his Book of Nonsense 20 years before Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland*. By 1877 he had published over 200 illustrated limericks, 20 longer nonsense poems, and many nonsense alphabets. A "drawing room Groucho" and reluctant courtier, he put his own and Tennyson's poems to music and, accompanying himself on the piano, moved generations of Victorians to tears and laughter with his hymn-like songs.

As much as he loved his poetry and music, Lear thought of himself as an artist, a "dirty landscape painter," and spent 40 years of his life wandering through Europe, the Mediterranean and India, exiling himself from England and finally settling at San Marino, Italy in 1871. In his early life he made natural history drawings for the Zoological Gardens in London, for J. Gould's bird books, and even for Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*.

Lear did not acknowledge his homosexuality as frankly as his friend John Addington Symonds, or Charlotte Cushman, whose dinner parties he attended in Rome. From his diaries and letters we can document that his love for men was primary in his life, and that he suffered deep depressions when he felt deserted by Frank Lushington in 1855 and by Hubert Congreve in 1877. He twice thought of marriage, but more as a conventional cure for loneliness than as an expression of love. As his nonsense character the Yonhy-Bonghy do put it, "Will you come and be my wife?... I am tired of living singly. I'm weary of my life."

His diaries give us glimpses of a darker side. Four "miseries" plagued him: "The Terrible Demon," his epilepsy, which he kept secret from all but his family; "The Morbids," deep depressions, which some of his friends were aware of; "Self-Control," probably his attempt to keep masturbation to a minimum; and an unnamed misery, "the greatest Evil," one known but unpriced, "probably his effort to suppress his sexual desires for men while needing their intimacy. The origin of this

"greatest Evil" Lear traces to an incident between himself and his 19-year-old cousin Frederick when Lear was 9. Until recently those writing about Lear's life have had difficulty accepting his homosexuality. Angus Davidson, Lear's first biographer, could say that Lushington "held the supreme position" in Lear's heart and that Lear "understood fully a degree of 'unexpressed intimacy' with him, which may have been a sympathetic and daring statement for 1838, but the blow was softened by Davidson's overemphasis on Lear's more shallow love for Miss Bethel. Ten years later George Orwell could gibbly write, 'He never married;

and it is easy to guess that there was something wrong with his sex life.'" In 1961 Holbrook Jackson, editor of the Dover edition of Lear's nonsense, subscribed to the arrested development theory: Lear's works "are as sexless as the artistic efforts of a child. His paterfamilias was no pose!" and to prove Lear's "anomaly of prolonged adolescence" he tells us that Lear did not cut out his wisdom teeth until he was 41! As late as 1967 Philip Hofer, in his introduction to *Edward Lear as a Landscape Painter*, could write "It is unlikely that Lear was a homosexual" and in the next sentence add that he had "a consuming desire for intimacy and unrestrained communion with Franklin Lushington."

In 1968 Lear's second biographer, Vivien Noakes, not only said that Lear was homosexual but also acknowledged that his "conflict as he fought to suppress" his homosexuality was "a conflict which contributed to his constant state of restlessness and depression." Considering the previous literature, Noakes' recognition of this conflict was a bold move to take and, as Lear writes in his diaries, this conflict was one of the greatest struggles of his life, then his nonsense, his wandering, and his relationships must be re-examined in the context of his homosexuality.

Thomas Byrom begins his book, *Nonsense and Wonder*, with a 50-page summary of Lear's life, mostly based on Noakes' biography. He then takes us on a survey of the limericks and longer

"courtship and voyage" poems, from "The Owl and the Pussycat" to "The Table and the Chair," where we see a parade of unlikely couples, suffering from their domestic confinement, their genders undetermined or sex-roles reversed, trying to escape to paradise lands where they can happily be themselves. The couples in these poems were as odd as Lear's own relationships, and he certainly shared their need to escape a confining and hostile world.

What we learn from Byrom's study, however, that has not been clear in the biographies is that Lear may have finally rejected, at least in his nonsense, the whole Romantic notion that one could find lasting happiness in a lover. In what Byrom calls the "paradise poems," some of the last he wrote to write, Lear gives us a glimpse of what he may have been searching for. "Love between a couple," Byrom suggests, "is replaced by love among people of a community, and the exile finds a home for himself abroad, in places which lie beyond ordinary comprehension."

Beneath the surface of almost every page of this book, but rarely made explicit, are the connections between the nonsense and Lear's homosexuality. The loneliness we see in nearly all the nonsense was rooted in his painful relationships with Frank, Hubert, and other men. Without the nonsense this loneliness might have destroyed him. Living in a repressive culture that saw homosexuality and masturbation as the cause of epilepsy,

Edward Lear
 (left) and his
 friend,
 Charlotte
 Cushman,
 1857



poems, his argument being that Lear unconsciously used his nonsense to investigate "the full extent of his personal, social and artistic estrangement" and to carry himself, held up by his sense of wonder and mystery, to a vision, however brief, of personal integrity, a sense of belonging, and freedom.

Byrom's reading of the nonsense is biographical: we learn about the nonsense from Lear's life, about his life from the nonsense. In the introduction to his study of the limericks he tells us that Lear committed his emotional and spiritual life to his nonsense.

Byrom guides us through the longer

Lear sought a way to understand and accept his queerness, even rejoice in it, without going "utterly to the bad sad" or surrendering to the domestic security of marriage. Like so many Victorian adults, he was drawn to the world of children's literature and pictures, where he could express his fears, his sense of the absurd, and his faith in the mysterious. It is a tribute to Lear's sense of humor that the nonsense he wrote to entertain children could also help him survive his miseries, allowing him to envision a land, as Byrom illustrates, where the queer can find a home of their own.

John Lehmann's book, *Edward Lear and his World*, is mostly interesting for its illustrations. The text is based on the Davidson and Noakes biographies and is a concise summary of his life. This book includes new natural history drawings, a large selection of landscape sketches, some unpublished nonsense cartoons, and reproductions of letters and diary entries. Also of interest is the inclusion of W.H. Auden's sonnet "Edward Lear," an appreciation of Lear that Auden must have been moved to write after reading the Davidson biography in 1939.

by Allan Barabé □

Excerpts from Edward Lear's diaries by permission of the Houghton Library.

Body Politic/19

The Manhood Ceremony

Ross Berliner
Simon & Schuster, 1978, \$3.95

This is the story of a young boy's addiction and rape at the hands of a crazy man named Anvis. It's scary, full of suspense, and of course, timely. As the ultimate in shocking themes, adult-child coercion has become increasingly familiar as an attempt to get closer and closer to a depiction of evil that will shake readers to the core and yet retain the reality of the possible—a plausible wickedness that is all the more fascinating because it is not uncommon. Homosexual relations between unequal men of the same age has long served as a framework for showing twisted, sadistic neuroses in full flower (*Reflections in a Golden Eye*, *Eustace Chisum and the Works*). Now to evoke a comparable shudder it is necessary to make one of the males a young boy, in the case of Tony Duvert's 1973 novel *Strange Landscape* there was a chateau full of boy concubines. The device seems proper enough in the hands of talented writers. As utilized by Ross Berliner it does not.

The jacket copy tells us his name is "a pseudonym for an eminent physician and teacher at an Eastern university who specializes in adolescent medicine." Married, a father, etc., "he writes novels in his spare time." I don't think I go beyond the bounds of the objectivity when I judge the moral outlook and unspoken prejudice of this writer to outweigh his abilities at storytelling and reproducing human speech. These he can do, within limits, and as a hack he satisfies the demands of easy fiction.

But the tacit assumption that all pedophiles are as disturbed as Anvis alarms me, and this is not the worst of it. In Berliner's view homosexuality is a terrible burden to bear, requiring enormous resources for coping. And if you come to learn of it by being abducted and raped, you will find yourself afflicted with its dread curse and suffer the tortures of the damned. This is where he leaves the twelve-year-old Ricky at the story's end, in an abyss of despair and fear, on his way to madness. It is a grave disservice to gay people in general to send forth this image of life into the world. To picture for young readers the boy's fate in this fashion is unconsciously malevolent. For in the days of his travelling with the man, Ricky has come to enjoy the sex, and he can't reconcile the pleasure with the evil that Anvis does. Neither,

apparently, can the author. The only way out is to go crazy.

Contrasted with all this is the good cop Mike. Mike is gay too and has a couple of heart-to-heart talks with his boss, who has a gay son. This puts the boss in a position to sympathize, if not understand. All that comes of these talks is that Mike feels better for having come out, and that he must be brave and try to bear up. The novel's resolution comes when Mike slays the villain Anvis, an act that gives Mike release from the guilt he feels as pay. It gains fun, too, the blessing of his boss, who understands this act of revenge and will, indeed, lie to cover up for him. Nothing further happens to let Mike (or us) resolve conflicting feelings about pederasty and relations between men closer in age. The villain's love for boys separates him from normal queers like Mike at least as much as his craziness does.

I felt diminished at the end of *The Manhood Ceremony*, as resignedly depressed as you can get from watching television, which also takes complex issues and reduces them to penderastful sensations and formula plots. The characters might as well have labels hanging from their necks, so rigid and fixated are their drives. I don't think it likely that the book will be indirectly successful if and when it should go into paperback, but the very thought of such efficient junk making it to the mass market level is disquieting.

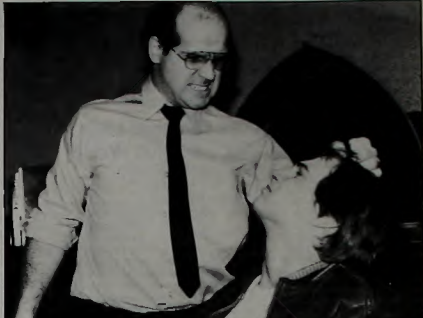
by David Roche

Theatre

The Night They Raided Truxx

Terry Laist and Paul Ledoux
The bTheatrical Company
The Turret, Halifax

Bar raids and jail cells are not the usual stuff of comedy, but writers Laist and Ledoux have managed to turn an unsexy incident of gay oppression into a lively and occasionally moving evening of cabaret theatre. The production played to full houses during the Annual Conference of Lesbians and Gay Men meeting in Halifax at the end of June. It was a fast-paced show, ably directed by Rosemary Gilbert Weir and competently produced despite budget restrictions and a less-than-ideal playing space. The mixed-media



The Night They Raided Truxx: Montreal cop (Bill Carr) interrogates Truxx patron (Rod Murray)

odyssey—video screens and overhead projections—occasionally worked, but more often they were merely flickering diversions. Acting varied greatly, not surprising in a mixed cast of amateurs and professionals. The finest performance was given by Rod Murray as the hustler being interrogated by the cops. The scene acts as the emotional centre of the play, a vivid contrast to the upbeat tone of the musical numbers. The first act takes place in the Truxx bar before the raid. We meet a cross-section of men who might frequent a bar: the mock-leather leather duo, the older man, the younger hustler, the uptight closet case, the lovers with differing ideas of monogamy, the bitchy queen. These types are sketched in with broad strokes of humour. The audience wanted to laugh, but kept wincing at the bitterness of some of the exchanges. Were the characters cabinet exagérations or impersonations of plausible individuals? We were never sure, and the ambiguity tipped the balance of tone from satire to melodrama. A musical number finally rescued us.

Music enlivens Truxx. Most of the songs are entertaining, even brilliant. I liked the "Jack Song," which pokes fun at uptight straight men who protect themselves with their symbols of masculinity. "If I can go on if our look's straight is right." I also enjoyed the "Pen Song," sung as a harmony chorus by the arrested men in their cell. The most outrageous and original number was the VD doctor in Mae West drag scathingly about the stage (wielding a gigantic Q-tip tied with a bow) and urging the men to "point that thing at me."

The comic exaggeration of this moment was abruptly stopped when Ralph, the older man, refuses to submit to further humiliation. "This has gone far enough," he declares and strides offstage. His defiance is exhilarating and it pointed up what was missing from an otherwise admirable show.

As long as the musical numbers were funny in a laughing-to-avoid-the-tears tradition, the pace kept up. It was the serious moments which often rang false. After Tommy the hustler is forced into an incriminating confession, the cast croons "Why can't they leave us alone?" like a down-on-the-plantation spiritual. Surely we don't want anti-Belium whistles? We need defiance—and affirmation. The all-cast finale, "Gay Until the Day that I Die," is undoubtedly meant to be rousing, but it left me unmoved. Something was needed which conveyed the spirit of the 2000-strong demonstration in the streets of Montreal following the raid. I don't hear it.

Nevertheless, *The Night They Raided Truxx* is a substantial advance for gay agitprop theatre in Canada. The play demonstrated a more astute theatrical sense than anything I have yet seen produced in this country. The writers know that audiences likely to expect one kind of theatre will not be pushed too quickly into an unfamiliar political direction. There was no finger-wagging

in Truxx, but there was also an absence of passion in crucial places. I'm willing to wager that Laist and Ledoux will get it right next time.

by Ed Jackson

Behind Truxx

"It became a walking textbook on gay life for the straight actors," observed quiet-spoken Terry Laist. He and a few other members of the cast and crew of *The Night They Raided Truxx* were taking a break from rehearsal to talk to me in the Dalhousie Student Centre cafeteria. "I don't know how the gay actors stood it," added Rosemary Gilbert Weir, smiling. She was remembering the beginning of rehearsals when tension produced much exaggerated prancing and hisping. By the end of the show's run there had been a remarkable change in attitude on the part of everyone who participated. The spirit of goodwill among the cast was palpable to all who saw them socializing together.

The situation arose because an all-gay cast couldn't be found in Halifax. Six of the nine-man cast and all of the production crew of Truxx were heterosexual. Many of them had never worked with openly gay people before, let alone taken on a gay role. Actor Rod Murray marvelled at his first reaction to an "orientation" visit of the cast to the Turret Gay Community Centre. "We had to mingle and I was scared shitless. I had lots of the usual ideas about homosexuals and have even called names in my bud. But in two weeks I've changed my head completely and it's really been a great experience for me. Now I feel really relaxed at the Turret."

When St Mary's University withdrew an agreement to allow GAE to use its buildings for the Annual Conference, a protest picket was held. The cast joined the demonstrators and the incident was an eye-opener for some of them. "I was amazed at the names people were calling us. I had just never realized what



Your milieu or mine?

People used to say homosexuals had a great sense of humour, meaning we tended to deprecate ourselves a lot. The struggle for equal rights for gays has changed that; now it's said we're completely humourless. "AND GO BLESS UNCLE HARRY AND HIS ROOMMATE JACK (WHO WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO TALK ABOUT)" (Arvo, 1978, \$2.95) is a collection of cartoons from *Christopher Street Magazine*. It gives us an opportunity to laugh at ourselves and our various idiosyncrasies. Very much a New York book, reflecting the wonderful and outrageous extremes of the Big Apple's gay world, it lovingly points a finger at lesbian and gay silliness.

Our Image Contributors

Chris Beardsall has tape recorder, with interview. Alan Berube, who's researching the role of early 20th century gayologist Edward Prime Stevenson, lives in San Francisco. Gilles Chase is busy writing a novel when not directing the Toronto Press Centre. Judith Crowe is a journalist and poet living in Alberta. Tim Gossel, PMA member, is a high school English teacher working in Kitchener. Ray Olson works as a librarian in St. Paul, MN. Ray Benson, 1978's cartoonist, lives in San Francisco. Lawrence B. Hale is a member of the scene—any scene he pays to go. David Roche is a writer currently squaddering in the Laurentians. Mariana Valverde is a doctoral student in political economy at York University in Toronto. James Wilton is an Orford Merchant and writer around Toronto. Ian Young, poet and publisher, divides his time between Scarborough, ON and New York City.

OUR IMAGE



guys have to put up with," reported Bruce Nickson.

For at least one actor, the play turned out to be very important: he came out during its run. The whole experience provided just the impetus he needed to deal with his uncertain feelings.

Gays in Halifax also learned something as well. The staff at the Turret initially resisted having the play produced there. They didn't like the idea of straights coming into the centre and feared it would drive away their regular customers. There were even rumours of a petition being circulated to stop the play. By the time conference delegates arrived, these rumours had died completely.

The Night They Raided Truxx, from its inception, has been an object lesson in gay/straight cooperation. It all began with the anger of Terry Last. Terry had been in the Truxx bar on the night the Montreal police raided the place, but he was not arrested. When he told his straight friend Paul Ledoux about it later (they both worked at the same place), the idea of a play was born. They talked about it for almost two months before pen was put to paper.

The writing was a totally collaborative process. Paul wrote the lyrics to the songs and provided the high energy to see the project through. Terry was a resource person for Paul. He supplied him with piles of gay literature and insisted on a gay political line. In fact, Terry's first idea was for a very serious play, and he continued to be worried about the reaction of his gay activist friends. It was Paul's enthusiasm for cabaret and outrageous absurdist comedy which convinced Terry to change the tone. He hasn't regretted it.

Paul Ledoux has had several years' experience in Anglophone theatre in Montreal. He became involved with the

Playwrights' Coop in 1975 and wrote a powerful anti-capital punishment play called *Beggar's Workshop*. This was followed by *The Dada Show* in which he experimented with the mixed-media techniques later used in *Truxx*. Terry has an MA in theatre and has thought a lot about gay theatre. He feels there is a real need for it and finally has found the opportunity to see something happen.

The Halifax production of *Truxx* came about quite accidentally. Paul had returned to his native Halifax to work in ETV and met Rosemary Weir there. When a production to coincide with the gay conference was suggested, he leapt at the opportunity. With Rosemary he formed the bTheatrical Company and set to work at once. Money for the production came completely from their own pockets and it had cost over \$2000 at last count. Paul found that he got more support from the theatrical community in his home town than he did in Montreal. The company hopes next to work on a play about miners called *Miller's Jug*.

Both Terry and Paul have been encouraged by the response of the audiences who came to see *Truxx*. Halifaxians appear to have found it educative as well as entertaining. Said actor Murray, "My father came and was touched by it. It opened his eyes." "It sold my father as well," added Paul. Not all of the media reaction was favourable. The reviewer for the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* panned *Truxx* in waspish tones. He especially didn't like the language, finding it "sadly vulgar." The review didn't bother the cast. "Great," exclaimed Rod Murray, "it's all true. People love to get grossed out. They'll come in droves." And they did.

by Ed Jackson □

Here at the Globe

The position of dance critic at Toronto's *Globe and Mail* was left vacant a few months ago by the departure of Lawrence O'Toole to the Entertainment pages of the soon-to-be-weekly *Maclean's Magazine*. Journalists and dance writers from across the country immediately applied for the choice job.

In media circles, the *Globe* is well-known for its perverse hiring practices and *Globe* watchers were curious to see if, once again, a journalist with no background in the field would be hired over a knowledgeable critic. A recent incident is revealing.

A young woman entered a Toronto bookstore a few days before the O'Toole resignation. The store specializes in books on theatre and dance, and she was looking for a birthday gift for her boyfriend. Her request was for a "general book on dance for a Toronto writer who wants to begin writing on dance." The person behind the counter at the time, although extremely sceptical of the usefulness of such a book for such a purpose, made a number of

suggestions, all of which were rejected. Convinced finally of the futility of the quest, he pulled a book from another shelf and proffered it to his customer. "That's perfect," she exclaimed as she leafed through its numerous colour plates, and off she went with her purchase.

The bookstore clerk? Graham Jackson, freelance dance critic for *The Body Politic* and other publications, as well as the author of a new book called *Dance as Deceit*. Considered one of the most informed people writing on dance in Canada today, Graham was passed over in the *Globe* competition. He works part-time in a bookstore to support himself.

The book with the colour plates? A coffee table biography of opera composer Giuseppe Verdi, who certainly had lots to do with music but very little to do with dance.

The boyfriend? Stephen Godfrey, once occasional writer on popular music for the *Globe and Mail*, and now the newly-appointed dance critic for Canada's national newspaper. □

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Tapestries

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Lesbian Small Press Books

Helen Luster's *Year of the Hare Poems* (Box 992, South San Francisco, CA 94089) continues the Pound-Williams-Olsen tradition of Chinese calligraphy and intellectual abstruseness, but concretizes in colloquialism, astrology and jazz. It also continues the tradition of composition by field begun by the Olsen school. It's a good book by a mature poet, but it's not particularly original. The imagery isn't especially startling, at least not in the first part of the book. There are some interesting rhythms in poems like "Year of the Horse" which begins

Oh la mare
little blue
horse she's
dancing
prancing
pricked out in her blue
(and green waves)

but then there are also some less than perfect poems, like the "Three Dark Poems," which manage to exist for me anyway only as stylistic experiments and as parody. The poetry improves as you progress through the book, though, and I found "Pieces," "The Arrow," and "Acorn Water Hole" satisfying, stylistically and thematically. It's not a book of love poems, but is worth looking at, as a continuation of trends begun by the Black Mountain School.

Lyn Lifshin's come up with a totally women-oriented book in *Some Madonne Poems* (White Pine Press, 109 Ducrestin Street, Ballantyne, NY 14210, \$1.50) which presents "verbal stills" of women in a sort of mosaic. Images of women in action and the action in women cohere in a thematic whole; the impact is one of a living, breathing force. I particularly liked "Desert Madonna," and must concede Ms Lifshin handles prosody with consummate skill. A good little book.

Judith Kernan's *The Jacoba Poems* 1968-74 (White Pine, \$1.50) is better yet. Just wish the book were longer. (Give us more, please, and soon!) "Water Ceremony," for me, was truly brilliant in its use of imagery to describe the barriers of momentarily uninspired creation:

I cannot make any words
my verbs are eggs with maggot
they turn into gerunds, sink
and drown, they turn into participles
and fall in the water the flame goes out
they cannot swim

my adjectives, grey coughing
my nouns sizzle and crack, beached fish
the rot of my drowned words
beautiful with a grimace...

Truly original, this poem. I also liked her use of personae in poems like "Galatea" and "Letter from the Madwoman" which opens with two exceptional lines: "I am a white-painted woman/whose shoes are breath," and continues with an extraordinary sequence of metaphors. The entire book is extraordinary, for that matter, and it's worthy of high commendation.

Slow Juggling, by Karen Brodine (Berkeley Poets' Workshop and Press) contains some fine metaphors like: "The eyelid is the eye's red tent/each day my body eats the light" or "Is this a narrow/dialectic/hut," whereby the poet shows her competence in the use of the long line, and the short accentual line developed by Creeley. There's some fine artwork here too.

The long poem "Silver," dedicated to Ms Brodine's grandmother, is among the best in the collection, or any collection.

The silver maple fell all night under wet
sawed down its own right
It leaned down into the pasture, stretched its length
its length
They bucked the tree into jointed chunks,
it lay in its
shadow and waited to burn.

Quietly, quietly the poem begins, moving from the familiarity of scenery to an intimate portrait of grandmother — viewed from the eyes of an adult, then from various "points in time" of the speaker growing up. Perspectives shift, and concrete, deepen. A very moving poem.

Ruth Kleier's *For Those Who Cannot Sleep* (New Woman Press, Box 56, Wolf Creek, OR 97437) was written in the mid-50s, but wasn't published until 1977. Why? Simply because Ruth Kleier was a lesbian feminist twenty-five years ahead of her time.

Thermatically, it's Ruth's testament of coming to terms with woman-consciousness in days prior to CR groups, movements, and all. A Dantesque pilgrimage through the dark forest of self is undertaken, the journey leads upwards, but the pilgrim is never certain where. Perhaps that there typifies Ruth Kleier's work, and her isolation — one can only speculate. The book is characterized by an apparent simplicity (vocabulary, traditional line-lengths) disguising a significant intellect. Stylistically tame, but emotionally very intense. "The Third Journey" is worth special notice.

Soraya Jones' *Flannel Morning* (The Vanity Press, P.O. Box 15064, Atlanta, GA 30333, \$3.00) falls as a cohesive narrative poem, but is nonetheless a superb chronicle of lesbian love. It's actually a sequence of love poems written to/about an academic "Dr" with whom the "I" falls madly in love.

Witty, worried, angry, and cynical, it tells the sad, mad, bad, glad story of the love affair. To find poetry of wit paired with lyrics of personal sensitivity, in one book, is really quite rare. Nonetheless, the poet's attempts to use colloquialism, archaism, and academic jargon don't quite work. Jones is at her best when she's most personal — and her worst when she affects the intellectual. If you can ignore stanzas like

The spiritual content of the woman I love
isn't so peachy-cream this week.
I fear she may lie
to yonder convent
to cast the words of nursery

and other such unrhymical complications, the book will bear a fairly close reading. Parts of it, I re-read.

Kimi Reid's *Poems for My Mother and the Women I Have Loved* (Second Coming Press, Box 31249, San Francisco, CA 94131, \$2.00) is very delightfully a first book: lots of flawed poems, lots of unexplained and obscure lines, and yet it contains some memorable lines, images and stanzas, for all that. Stanzas like

Drop me in a wild field of
ruralia cats
and let the sun beat on me
as if I were a
yellow hat
bent over the ditches of my homeland
Furrow me into the dust,
which are really quite remarkable. Kimi Reid's sharp, focused, there's something engaging and even personal about Reid's poetry which is truly sensitive and fine. If you ignore the excesses, the beginner's tendency to overage it, you'll find this little book charming.

by Judith Crews
August 1978

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The Ivory Tunnel

Small Press Books

I've decided to use part of this month's column for a bit of complaining about the fayed ethics of certain gay periodicals in the matter of book reviewing. The procedure followed by these publications is that when a publisher or writer sends in a book to be reviewed, he is sent a breezy note suggesting that he ask someone he knows to do a review, and that the writer or publisher then "send along" the result, which the magazine will then publish. The outcome, of course, is a typoset chorus of praise by the friends of the various authors.

As an "author," publisher and reviewer, I've run into this shabby practice a number of times now (not only from gay magazines), and have come to realize that some editors make a habit of it. A number of books I've published have gone unreviewed by particular periodicals because I've declined to take part in a cosy little system that defrauds the readers and is vastly unfair to authors and reviewers alike.

The more ethical gay publications do not do this of course; their editors are real editors, not just complisers of publisher-commissioned puff jobs. But a couple of the best-known papers seem to see nothing wrong with it. If we are to have a press of any dignity or honesty, these incestuous games must go.

I've recommended before Sidney Smith's little books of line drawings. His latest is *Manchild* (\$2.50 from the artist, 1502 Presque St., Brooklyn, NY 11213, USA), a charming story about a young boy piped away by a child Pan into a wood where he "casts away the rags and devices of slavery," joins a friendly pagan ceremony, and smokes a leafy pipe together with other assorted youngsters and forest sprites. From the same address comes Pat Macgregor's *Children of the Viper* (\$2), a series of prayer-like invocations of idealized boys, infused with paganism, pacifism, and an awareness of manhood's cruelties.

Wall Curtis' *Mala Noche* (\$1.75 from the author, 133 NW 18th St., Portland, OR 97209, USA) is a story about a couple of young Mexicans, Johnny and Pepper, "illegal aliens" in the U.S., trying to survive, like thousands of young Mexicans, Indians and others, in a society that has no place for them. They are befriended by an infatuated storekeeper who helps them out, lets them drive his car (into a ditch — "I tell Pepper he drives like he fucks"), worries about them, feeds them, takes them to movies, and sometimes seems more confused than they are.

Mala Noche is a realistic and compassionate story, honestly showing the storekeeper's sometimes conflicting feelings, and the dignity as well as the hopeless position of the boys. Curtis' writing is hardly known outside his native Pacific North-West; it deserves to be.

The first part of Mary Beth Knechtel's novella *The Goldfish That Exploded* (\$2.95, Pup Press, Box 48806, Stn. Bensley, Vancouver) is about a married professor called Chapiro who ventures into a gay disco, fucks out and ends up

with a couple of drag queens. There are little spoofs of Gertrude Stein (who is caricatured as Marine General I.D. Fixe), Bill Bisset and others. But when, about two thirds the way through the book, our hero drowns and is eaten by sharks, the tale falls apart with him. The Tom Waite drawings are by J. Thomas Osborne.

Eric Bentley's play about Oscar Wilde and Lord Alfred Douglas, "Lord Alfred's Lover," is printed in the Spring Canadian Theatre Review (#3 from 2008 Administration Studies, York University, Downsview, Ont.). The familiar tragedy is seen through the aged Lord Alfred, and we are witness of the mercurialness of the authorities, who refused to lessen the ailing Oscar's prison sentence, even when he "repented" his sexual heresies. "Only the worthless," Oscar comes to realize, "can be reformed," and he resolves to live "unsaved, impenitent." Declining to be shamed by a shameful world, "An interesting play dealing with an aspect of Wilde often glossed over. Another recent playscript, Doric Wilson's lively, controversial *The West Street Dang* is now available from TOSOS, 115 Bedford St., New York, NY 10014, USA, at \$6.50.

Sal Fariella's *Thieves to Flesh* (2.50, Manifest Destiny Books, Box 57, Dorchester, Canton St., Dorchester 02124, USA) is a collection of intense, sexual and disquieting poems. Ron Schreiber, another gay poet whose reputation is growing, has two new collections of work that is more muted and wider-ranging than Fariella's. *False Clues* is \$3 from a new gay publisher, Calamus Books, 323 N. Geneva St., Ithaca, NY 14850, USA. *Against That Time* (bound with Jeffrey Schwartz's eloquent *Confessing With the Dark*) is \$3.50 from Alice James Books, 136 Mt. Auburn St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138, USA.

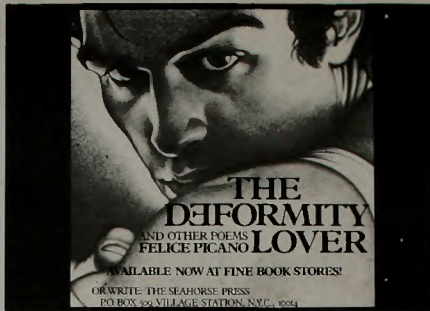
Steven Abbott's poems can be funny or ferocious, personal or political, or all of these together. *Wrecked Hearts* (2.95) is his first collection and includes an amusing cartoon strip about Rimbaud. A longer poem, *Transmuting Gold* is 75¢. Both from Dancing Rock Press, 930 Shields, San Francisco, CA 94132, USA.

After what seems an inordinately long wait, the first issue of *Paragraph: A Quarterly of Gay Fiction* has arrived, containing six stories of varying quality, each illustrated by a different artist. The drawings of Dennis Forbes and Tim Thompson are particularly handsome. It's \$3 from Antares Foundation, Box 14051, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Finally, Tom Hether, author of *Jonathan Loved David*, offers an annotated bibliography, *Homosexuality in Biblical Times*, for \$1. Tom's address is 148 Trent Ave., Apt. 3D, New York, NY 10011.

The gremlins invaded last month's column. In my review of Eddie Suckler's novel, I said that Billy Crossit was "a Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist and has affairs." This showed up as "his affairs." I wrote that Suckler "should at least have known better than to employ" a certain device. "Employ" got changed to "avoid." And it was the morality of Daniel Curzon's fables that should have been described as squalid, not the moralist, who I can testify is a fine and clearly fellow.

by Ian Young



BEST FILM OF THE YEAR

"A Bigger Splash" — Jack Hazan's brilliant, fictionalized documentary of some formative experiences in the creative life of a British artist, David Hockney, during the years 1970-1973. The film is outstanding for its nearly perfect stylistic recreation of the deceptively placed surfaces of the painter's canvases, as well as in conveying the humour, irony, and theatrically quick go to make up Hockney's sensibility.

No film I have seen this year has left me with quite so many vivid sensual images to cherish, eg the love scene between Peter Schlesinger and friend; a moment of rare stillness and silence in which Hazan's camera follows the naked Peter as he slowly weaves his way from a night-time California pool to a patio window where he stans vacantly at several friends sitting round a table inside.

— Jack Rabuscio, Gay News (Britain)

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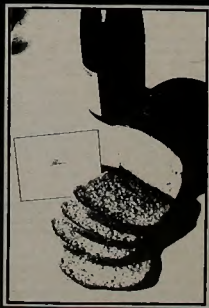
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Monitor

moor-tor (mo'e-ter) *n.* One that cautions, admonishes or reminds. Any device used to record or control a process. (*tr.*) 1 To check, to test, to keep track of, to scrutinize, to keep watch over, to direct. (*Latin, one who warns, from moneo, to warn.*)

George Jonas, Canadian playwright, poet and popularizer of crime, has a wondrously naive — and self-centred — view of human nature. Outlining homosexuality would be perilous, he writes in the June *Canadian Lawyer*, but enshrining it as a basic human right would be an intolerable tyranny. He objects, in an I'm-so-good tone, to any law which makes it impossible for him to do something he would not think to do — which is discriminative on the grounds of race, color, creed or sexual orientation. Unfortunately, not everyone can guarantee the sanctimonious goodwill with which Jonas cloaks his objection to gay rights measures; and Jonas conveniently overlooks how little goodwill — and how much the force of law — has done for blacks in the current generation. Jews in decades past, women in recent years, and even for the Québécois.

The editors and writers of *National Review* are delightfully perverse in their dealings with what used to be dependable conservative aversions. Take homosexuality. Abhorrent? Used to be. But Clare Booth Luce — right-wing curmudgeon, former ambassador and playwright, current Henry Luce widow and anti-rights woman — believes that gay sex is small potatoes in the face of an even greater global horror.

The problem is overpopulation: Luce calls it the "only really grave problem mankind faces." All other problems — nuclear war, bankrupt cities, deterioration of the urban environment and the rural ecology, terrorism, the loss of privacy — are mere symptoms; the cure is a birth pill which will ensure that 80% of children born are male.

"Obviously," understates Luce in the July 7 *NR*, "a population imbalance between females and males would result in many sociological changes": polyandrous marriage, quarrels between men over women, even women — alas — being in a position to dictate better terms for their living conditions. And, almost certainly, homosexuality would increase...but whatever the adverse effects on society, it would be infinitely more tolerable than the catastrophes mankind is doomed to endure." Backdoor respectability, in a masculine new world.

Also in the area of gay rights legislation, US history professor Paul Robinson argues more persuasively and less emotionally in the June 3 *New Republic* that anti-discrimination ordinances "are among the most nonsensical ever put on the books."

Robinson believes that the pressure for gay rights legislation stems from a gay need for legal visibility, for a sanctuary of law which would allow men to talk about the men they love and women to talk about the women they love without worrying about a prudish boss forcing their dismissal. His argument is sympathetic.

But his conclusion is impossibly bleak: he says that the anti-gay movement, based on a pathological inability of its adherents to see gays as anything more than creatures with "penless in mouths and anuses", cannot be stopped. His advice: stick to the closets; they're more comfortable than the streets.

When the early-70s film *Steelyard Blues* was being filmed, actress Jane Fonda refused to use the word "queer" in a short scene; father Henry Fonda has given financial and vocal support to gay rights.

But easier rider Peter remains the bad boy of the family; in the Canadian-made film *Highballin'*, Fonda the younger plays a semi-retired semi-trailer driver

who suffers the indignity of being labeled a "tag" because he wears flashy boots, and whose only recourse — to prove his manhood — is to beat the chap who abused him from the head with a tire iron. Flex, flex.

The alarm has been sounded in the June-July issue of *The American Spectator*, a small-circulation but highly influential journal of the right: those pesky Episcopalians, who have dared support black civil rights, condemn far-shore wars, update their liturgy and admit women to the priesthood, are ready to flirt with priesthood for homosexuals.

Agents for this vile transformation of churchly moras, says A. James McAdams, are the church publications *The Episcopalians* (leading a subtle campaign over the years for societal change) and *Integrity* (the very vocal and at times astonishingly uninhibited organ of the gay set). It's a conspiracy, says elitist McAdams, working "through folksy down-to-earth appeals on the level of grass roots." The people — especially blacks, militants, women and gays — have no place in the hierarchy of religion; to permit such infiltration makes a mockery of religious authority.

Sometimes a delight in the midst of oceans. In the May issue of *Be Alive*, an otherwise laudably styled "magazine for today's women," there is a three-page article, excerpted from the book *For Better, For Worse*, which for the



most part is supportive of lesbians. The message is that lesbians can probably teach straight women something about the beauty of honest love.

The article is an oasis of decency in a publication in which the message seems fixed on posing, preening and perching a woman in order to make snoring a man as easy as possible.

Elaine Noble, lesbian State Representative in Massachusetts, is running for the US Senate and the glossy mag *Us* finds her squeaky-clean enough for a profile in its July 11 issue. She is pronounced a "serious, savvy politician" who is now accepted as just "one of the boys" in the State House. On that litmus-test issue, youth sexual rights, Noble takes the safest way out: "I don't believe in sex with minors — either gay or straight." Mainline politics it may be, but Noble is up to run against Republican incumbent Edward Brooke, which means conservative Black versus moderate lesbian. It's a ready-made for the media: symbolic minority personalities battling for a bigger piece of the pie.

Something to watch for: Our very own programming. In an article in the July 3 issue of *Newsweek*, a new breed of videomaker, Michael Shamberg, predicts the use of a domestic satellite to "beam homosexually oriented programming to the nation's five largest gay communities." Could he just be trying to avoid contaminating the other always? □

GAY USSR

Angelo Pezanna's one-man demonstration in Moscow for gay rights didn't endear him to the modern Czars.

After all, everyone knows there are no homosexuals in the Soviet Union.

by Angelo Pezanna
translation by Walter Bruno

Article 121 of the Soviet Criminal Code punishes consensual homosexual acts with five years imprisonment, and with eight years imprisonment for homosexual acts with minors and dependents. Introduced by the Stalin regime in 1934, the article has most often been used as a pretext for actions against political opponents who happen to be gay.

Such was the case of Armenian filmmaker Sergei Paradjanov. Noted for his support for the rights of national minorities in the USSR and for his commitment to the democratization of politics in the country, Paradjanov was victimized for his sexuality and imprisoned in 1972.

At the end of 1977 rumours spread throughout Europe alleging that Paradjanov's "mental faculties" were failing, and even that he was already dead. An international campaign was launched to defend Paradjanov, partly out of fear that the Soviet authorities were preparing public opinion for their next

move against the film-maker.

As his part in that campaign, Angelo Pezanna, Alternate Deputy for the Radical Party in the Italian Parliament and Director of the Italian gay liberation review, *FUORI!*, went to Moscow and staged a solo demonstration against the anti-gay laws in the USSR and in favour of Paradjanov's release. Despite resistance from organizing officials, Pezanna also spoke on Paradjanov's behalf at the Venice Biennale, the bi-annual international art fair which, in 1977, focussed on dissent as its theme. This article is Pezanna's diary of the events.

On December 3, 1977, undoubtedly as a result of Pezanna's courageous gesture, the central newspaper of the Italian Communist Party — largest in the western world — published a statement denouncing Article 121 and the repression of homosexuals in the USSR and elsewhere, and called for Paradjanov's immediate release. The French Communist Party published a similar appeal shortly thereafter.

Late in December, Soviet authorities announced that Paradjanov had been released. A Russian correspondent in Iran, however, has reported to the *Committee for the Liberation of Sergei Paradjanov* that no one has seen the dissident since August 1977. There is speculation that he may have died.

Modern Czars are not limited to the Soviet republics. Experience has taught me that they rule just about everywhere. In Moscow, as in Venice, as in Rome. But when telling a story it's a good idea to take a few steps back in order to let the reader in on a few details which weren't published in the newspapers.

It all begins in September 1977: The staging of the music section of the Biennial of Dissent is being handled by Paolo, a Radical Party comrade. We meet in Rome and he informs me that in the film section there will be a day dedicated to Sergei Paradjanov, the Russian film director imprisoned in 1973 and sentenced in 1974 to five years in jail for homosexuality, on the basis of Article 121 of the Soviet Penal Code. Paolo invites me to Venice to see if anything can be organized and makes me an appointment with the chairman of the Biennial, Carlo Ripa di Meana. In the meantime, thinking over the whole question, I'm tempted by the idea of staging a demonstration in Moscow to demand Paradjanov's release. I arrive in Venice with the whole project in mind, and proceed to discuss it with Ripa di Meana, who not only agrees with it, but assures me that I will be allotted a press conference on the 25th of November, that he is prepared to contribute finan-

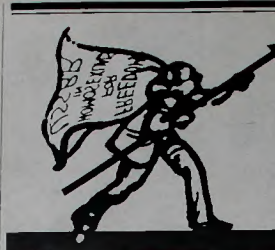
cially to the trip, and that he will have an official letter from the Biennial prepared for me, to let it be known that the initiative not only enjoys their support, but is part of the official programme.

Now, this entire story is marked by a striking naivete on my part, I must admit. Obviously, my press conference will never appear on the Biennial's programme, nor will any official letter arrive. But who was going to worry about these questions then, with a gentleman like Ripa di Meana? So I leave Venice and begin taking the necessary steps for an entry visa for the Soviet Union.

Autumn Interval: Going to the USSR isn't especially easy. One imagines that all one has to do is go to Atlanta or Aero-Flot, buy a ticket, and catch the first available flight. That may be true for a Big Industrialist or a Big Communist. For us ordinary people the individual visa takes at least two months and the ticket costs twice as much — and I'm in a hurry. So I join an organized tour and reserve for the Moscow — Leningrad, 365,000 lira, 8-day all-inclusive, leaving on the 14th of November. When the visa arrives, I forget all about conjectures and consequences, which might persuade me to do the opposite, and pack my bags. But how to get organized? Will there be any stationary stores in

This article was originally published as "Un Gay alla Corte dello Zar" (A Gay in the Court of the Czar) in the Winter 1977/Spring 1978 issue of *FUORI!*

Walter Bruno is a gay activist who recently returned to Toronto from a year's study in Aix en Provence, France.



"Will there be any stationery stores in Moscow? Hi. I'd like two big pieces of cardboard — you know, the kind you can hang from your neck — some string and a felt pen. Oh, you don't have any. Well, I'll have to find another solution. The linen!..."

Moscow (Hi. I'd like two big pieces of cardboard — you know, the kind you can hang from your neck — some string, and a felt pen. Oh, you don't have any. Well, I'll have to find another solution. The linen! But of course, two towels are nicely substitute for two pieces of cardboard...) Ecote, sheep-skin coat, turtle-neck sweater, an extra pair of eyeglasses (one never knows...) and on Sunday, November 13, we're off!

Moscow, Monday, November 14: After squeezing the tube of toothpaste and having the bicarbonate analyzed (might be cocaine!), Soviet Customs ask me what the admittedly enormous marking pen is for. To which I promptly reply: to write postcards with them. They don't bother seizing it, and, OK, I can pass. I arrive at my hotel at seven o'clock Moscow time.

The hotel is the National, a combination of fin-de-siècle and Liberty style with art deco renovations. Very pretty, and it's right in front of Red Square; the view is fascinating. While everyone runs out to have dinner, I prepare my battle plan in my room and organize the phone calls I have to make immediately. I call Cristiano del Roccio, a junior correspondent stationed here. He's very kind and invites me to his office, which is located in a very high building in the midst of several other identical buildings. Only foreigners live there; a good number of them are reporters. I get off at the ninth floor, but I stay there only for a minute: one can't have a conversation up there for fear of electronic surveillance. It's best to go down to the street. I explain my project to Christine and she gets awfully worried, tells me I'm crazy, that they'll arrest me, that nothing like I have been seen before. I'm not considering the consequences, he says, better think it over — in short, he quite frightens me about my immediate prospects, as all the foreign correspondents will do before the demo.

Thanks to Cristiano, who supplies me with everybody's name and telephone number, I spend Monday evening and Tuesday until 4:30 pm going around ringing bells, meeting all the foreign reporters in Moscow. Despite my fears, which get bigger every time I talk to someone, I have decided to hold a press conference in the lobby of the hotel at five o'clock on Tuesday. Do come, per piacere, bring photographers, and if you know anything about the situation, don't lose sight of me, bitte, cable your article immediately; svp be sure the photos are good!

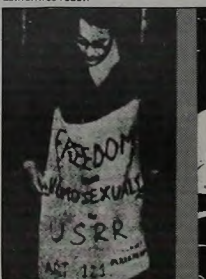
Moscow, Tuesday, November 15: I am keeping in constant touch with Rome and Turin, where Carlo Sismundt has transformed his house for three very long days and nights into a FUORI headquarters. I reach Marco Panella in Rome and he tells me that, at the exact moment I'm holding my Moscow press conference, he and Emma Bonino will be doing the same in Rome — and if this story has a happy ending, it's because of Marco's initiative. In fact, Marco and Emma let the Rome press corps know that, if I am arrested, the entire Parliament will be involved in the confrontation, since I belong to a parliamentary group. This might explain the fact that the Soviet authorities later take 24 hours to decide my fate.

And so to my press conference in Moscow. Here we are in the hotel lobby and I'm literally surrounded by some 40 KGB men, all identical, all heavyset, none reassuring to look at. Oh, but they do smile at me — that smirk which we

gays know so well. They might have been thinking "What an exaggeration, this display of force for a taggot!" What do you want us to do? In actual fact, this taggot did manage — with a subtle dose of fear and tension — to carry it off. News of our press conference appeared in publications around the world, drawing attention to Sergei Paradjanov and to Article 121, exactly as we had planned it!

They eye me and give each other little pokes just like in Rome. Meanwhile, the journalists arrive and the conference begins. It doesn't last long, though; a desk clerk soon shows up and tells me kindly that we can't stay in the lobby (an immense hall, and despite our presence, half-empty), that a party of tourists is due in, but that I can "reclaim my friends" in my room. We willingly go upstairs, where the conference takes place, and I explain to the Italian and foreign correspondents the reasons for my actions — more or less what was reported in the next day's papers. We go back downstairs about a half hour later and, reaching the hotel entrance, I hang the towel from my neck — the one on which I had written, in English, "Freedom for Homosexuals in the USSR," Sergei Paradjanov, Art. 121." The UPI photographer takes several shots and everything ends there — to the great disappointment of a few reporters, waiting for some sort of "event" to provide "color" for their articles.

Instead, precisely because orders from above hadn't yet arrived, nothing happens. I call Rome and Turin and let them know that I'm about to phone Andrei Sacharov to say that I'd like to meet him to see whether I can involve him in my protest, and that tomorrow I'll take a nice walk in downtown Moscow with my towel-placard, to see how the authorities react.



Sacharov with his towel in Moscow. Right: with friends in Rome during FUORI's fifth national conference.

So I call Sacharov. He: Hello, Mr Sacharov? I'd like to meet you to discuss Sergei Paradjanov and Article 121. Could I come up to see you? Sacharov: I haven't the slightest idea of what you're talking about. Me: Is that possible? (I briefly outline the history of the case and tell him about my press conference.) Sacharov: You said you're Italian, but ex-actly who are you? Me: (lying shamelessly — but I realize I'll have little chance of seeing him, since he isn't suddenly interested in the topic of anti-gay repression) I am a member of the Italian Parliament! Sacharov: I'll expect you tomorrow at two pm, at my place.

I look at the clock: 10 pm, and a whole

day's lesson is suddenly dissolving. Realizing how infinitely tired I am, I collapse on the bed, falling into a serene sleep, the sleep of the just.

Wednesday, November 16, still in Moscow: [I said that I was followed, it would be inexact. In actual fact, someone had I set foot outside my hotel than I found myself flanked on the left by a giant watchdog — flanked, that is, elbow to elbow, shoulder to shoulder.

Now I'm reasonably smart, so I didn't for a moment believe that I'd caught the eye of a gay Muscovite. The thought that he was from the KGB rapidly cleared up the picture. And though the right side of my body was able to move freely, the left side was under the total control of his master!

In this fashion we walked around together like Siamese twins to kill the half-hour until two o'clock; then I hailed a taxi and gave the driver Sacharov's address. The KGB agent murmured something to him as well, and we finally took off, followed by a long black car (like in the movies) like in the movies! Sacharov lives on the top floor of a building on Moscow's ring road. He's a man who looks many years older than he really is. He's hunched over, speaks with great staccato, and his hands display the kind of cracked skin that results from exposure to the cold. Sacharov observes me for a bit while I explain the purpose of my visit. He consults the Soviet Penal Code to check the accuracy of what I've said, snorts a "not good!" in reference to Article 121, and says that this battle is not his own, that it might undermine the political work he's been doing. Then he comes out with that familiar sentence: "I'm not sympathetic to homosexuals, I'm married and have two children." Okay, so I won't get him to join the fight, but I'm not anxious to end the conversa-

At least we now know that in Moscow, too, there is an embryonic gay movement, even if made up of very few people, and that sooner or later it will make its presence felt. Good luck, you two unknown Moscow gays!

Returning to the hotel, I'm sooner set foot inside my room than I'm requested to report immediately to Intourist, which is located in a building right next door to the National. In the Intourist Office I find an enormous rectangular table, behind which is sitting yet another watchdog, who solemnly intones: "You are official expelled from the Soviet Union for having: a) committed an act of homophobia; and b) seriously disturbed public order. You shall not be able to set foot again in the USSR. This is the position of our government; you needn't bother commenting." Ah no, Gentlemen Rulers of the Soviet Union, I also have something to say, just as "official" as what you've said, and here it is:

Me: A press conference is not an act of homophobia, but one of many ways of expressing one's opinions; and communicating by means of a towel hanging from the neck is not a serious disturbance of public order, but one form of protest against a law which violates human rights.

They: What rights?

Me: Those of homosexuals.

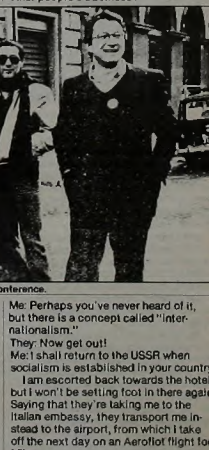
They: You are the first homosexual we have met; in the Soviet Union there are none, and if there were any, it would be necessary to eliminate them all!

Me: Like Hitler! Like Mussolini!

They: On this subject, they were both entirely correct.

Me: Good for them — good for you all!

They: In Italy, you are involved in opposition politics. But what you were doing there was necessary, wasn't it? Why have you come here to stick your nose into other people's business?



Me: Perhaps you've never heard of it, but there is a concept called "internationalism."

They: Now get out!

Me: I shall return to the USSR when socialism is established in your country.

I am escorted back towards the hotel, but I won't be setting foot in there again. Saying that they're taking me to the airport, they take me to the airport, from which I take off the next day on an Aeroflot flight for Milan.

(The author describes his return to Italy and his efforts to publicize the Paradjanov case and the situation of homosexuals in the USSR. He discovers that officials of the Venice Biennale resent

DIC. 71 NUMERO ZERO

FUORI!
REVOLUZIONE
SOGGETTIVA



libertà per Paradjanov

INGVAIN LRS

“Our battle is against moral attitudes”

An interview with Angelo Pezzana

The gay movement in Italy produces two major journals. One, *FUORI!*, began publishing in December 1971. The name means “out” in Italian and is also the acronym of the publishing organization, the *Fronte Unitario Omosessuale Rivoluzionario Italiano*, the country's first gay group. The other is the independent journal, *Lambda*, which started in November, 1976.

Below, Angelo Pezzana discusses the Italian gay movement with Toronto artist Bruce Eves in an interview recorded at the Renaissance Bookstore in Turin on May 30, 1978.

Eves: It is interesting that there is a direct association here between the gay movement and a political party. In North America that doesn't exist, and as far as I know it doesn't in the rest of Europe either. Could you describe *FUORI!* and its relation to the Radical Party?

Pezzana: Well, I think the situation in Italy is very peculiar because it is the only country, I think in the world, in which an official political party has not only accepted but in part made up of the gay liberation movement. *FUORI!* started in 1971 — the gay liberation movement in Italy started in 1971 — and we stayed alone until 1974. In those three years we formed many small groups in about ten or twelve major towns in Italy. The work we did in those groups was through consciousness-raising discussions and demonstrations, but with very few people involved. In Italy, the Vatican and the clerical mentality is still very strong. We have no laws against homosexuality, and in general gay people say, “Yes, we are not free, we are not happy, but we have no laws against us, so it could be worse.”

Then in 1974 we saw that all the groups formed by *FUORI!* were dying — dying because they were very divided. They had no contact with the outside, with other forces, even with political force. So at that time we decided to contact the Radical Party, which was not yet represented in parliament but was an active movement, generally of alternative people — feminists, non-violent activists, people fighting for divorce (which was not legal in Italy), for abortion, people fighting for civil rights in Italy in a radical movement. We asked during the congress in November, 1974 that they accept *FUORI!* as an official group forming part of the party, like the others. With this decision we gained access to all the offices of the Radical Party in Italy — there are about two hundred. We now have forty-five groups, even in the provincial towns where it is difficult for gay people to come out and work politically.

There are two kinds of conservatives in this country: the Christian Democrats are officially and openly clerical and the Communist Party are unofficially clerical in the same way: very moralist, they think that the family and heterosexuality are the only way. During the elections of 1978 the Radical Party had four deputies elected. The time between election is five years, but our deputies decided to stay in parliament only two and a half years; after that, four non-elected members will take their place, and I will be one of them. So, in December I will be the first open homosexual in the parliament in Italy.

FRONTE UNITARIO OMOSESSUALE RIVOLUZIONARIO ITALIANO

Eves: What specific problems exist for gay people in Italy?

Pezzana: As I said before, there are no legal constraints, but we have a sort of costume of moral habits, behaviour which is very clerical, which means moralist. With the Catholic Church, you can commit any kind of sin, but you can say, “I have sinned, and I feel guilty.” You can be absolved of anything, and this is the moral sanction which governs all of Italy. Gay people still live in ghettos: in the big cities we have clubs and bars but, in their modern way, they're just the same as the old ghettos, which were lavatories, parks, streets and so on. It's the same. We don't have a political consciousness, except for a small minority of homosexuals who are politicized. Gay pride is still an affirmation, not yet a lifestyle.

Eves: What forms of overt repression are there from, say, the government or the church?

Pezzana: Repression is very strong from the police and the family. The family is Catholic, and young people stay in it until marriage. I think that 80% of gay people still continue to live with the family, because they don't marry, of course. It is very unusual for a young man or woman to go out and live on his or her own, or with other friends.

There is much harassment from the police, and it is very rare for gay people being harassed to have the courage to ask for their rights. The police are fighting against us, not against delinquency. In Turin we have attacks almost every evening from, what are they called, you know, groups who congregated and say, “What will we do tonight? Go dancing, have a pizza and beat up queers.” This is the program for the evening.

Eves: There was a group in San Francisco, I'm not sure if it still exists, called the Pink Panthers...

Pezzana: Yes, we have done the same. We were loaned a small bus and about seven or eight of us made interventions into attacks in two parks here in Turin. And in fact, we have saved homosexuals from attacks. “On thank you, your arrival was very quick, bye-bye.” That's all. It is very difficult and tiring.

Eves: Are the clubs raided? Is the newspaper censored?

Pezzana: We have never had trouble from the establishment, mostly because the gay papers have a very small circulation and so do not represent a danger for the establishment. The gay bars, clubs and dances are not raided because they are very few and, like all gay clubs and gay dances, are controlled by the police, and practically all of the owners are heterosexual. They are not advertised at all.

But we are advertising for a new club which we rent only for Sunday evenings. We have started, in two or three clubs in Florence, Milan and Rome, to have a place which is not exploitative and which has shows made by gay people. It is a place for both men and women together.

Eves: What about gay youth?

Pezzana: We have a group in *FUORI!* called the students for sexual liberation collective. The members range in age from 14 to 18; they meet and discuss and make interventions into the schools

with debates, discussions and the like. They are few, but it's a start. But I think that the problems are much worse for older people because the sexual roles are still very strong. In fact, it is very rare to see older people in the clubs. Only if you are young and well-dressed.

Eves: Is it possible for someone who is openly gay to be a teacher?

Pezzana: Yes. Ninety-nine percent of the gay teachers say, “It is something in the schools I will lose my job.” It is not true. We have made presentations in the schools, put on by gay teachers. A friend of ours, who teaches literature in Turin, had a meeting with students, parents and teachers two years ago and said, “I am gay, and I would like to have a meeting with *FUORI!* and all the parents and students to discuss homosexuality.” The mapillary agreed, saying it was a good idea. He never lost his job. The problem in Italy is that the role of gay people is still to be closed. We need an Anita Brown figure, a person she is good promotion to encourage gay self-awareness.

Eves: I get the impression that there is a great deal of conflict between gay groups in Italy.

Pezzana: All the gay groups here are working not against a common enemy but against other gay groups with different ideologies. We are all self-prisoners of ideology. All of the groups in Italy started from *FUORI!* because *FUORI!* was the first gay organization, and generally all of those groups have an ultra-left position in that they believe the revolution is possible tomorrow morning. *FUORI!* fights for civil rights. The difference from the other groups is that *FUORI!* is part of the Radical Party and works in the political arena. The other groups have contacts with other parties, but work independently. Ideologically, they are all basically communist; *FUORI!* is socialist — and in Italy there is a big difference. They have nothing to do with the party, of course. The Communist Party excludes all people of sexual liberation. Even the fight for divorce was made by the Radical Party and not the Communists.

Unfortunately, liberation depends on the evolution of political life. We face a terrible danger: the disappearance of the small parties and the existence of only the two major ones: the Christian Democrats and the Communists. And if we have this political situation all of the work toward personal liberties and cultural change will break down. We face very strong police laws, because the two major parties have made an accord between them, and they represent eighty percent of the votes. We are heading for a situation without a legal opposition. We will have only the Red Brigades.

Eves: How are they viewed?

Pezzana: It is very difficult, because we can say they belong to the left, but all that they do profits the reactionaries. They kill a politician and the conservatives gain control of the election.

The struggle of gay people will take a long time here because, as I said earlier, we have no special laws to fight against. Our battle is against moral attitudes, which are harder to recognize.

his Moscow protest and try to monopolize the defense of Paradjanov, and exclude him. They end up grudgingly allowing him to speak at the end of one of the sessions.

Pezzana is similarly discredited by the tactics of the mass-circulation magazine, *Espresso*. On the pretext of wanting to do a story on Paradjanov, this publication arranges to meet the author — who discovers to his horror that what the magazine is really after is a list of homosexual Socialist and Communist members of Parliament. Pezzana's final experience concerns the International Scharov Days in Rome. — Trans.)

Rome, November 26: The international Scharov Days were taking place in Rome, and Monday was the last day, featuring final sessions. Touch wood, I say to myself, remembering the man whom the Days are named after. I place a call to tell them of my wish to attend and to make a presentation on the subject of Paradjanov — who, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, is still a prisoner in the USSR. Me: I'd like to talk to someone from the organizing committee.

Voice: I'm in charge of the Italian organization. Who's speaking? **Angelo Pezzana:** For city's sake, if you show up and by chance TV picks it up, the whole congress is screwed.

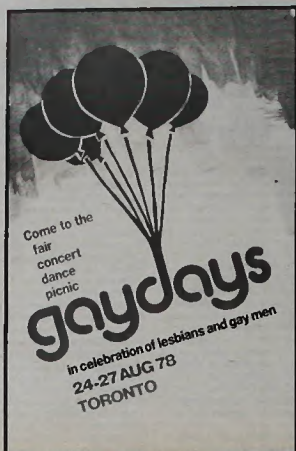
Me: Great, I'll be right over!

In view of my firm reply, the reception is a bit different; they let me in and begin murmuring to themselves. Meanwhile, who do I see charging the whole show but Simon Wiesenthal? The hunter, the Robin Hood of my childhood — how often had I wanted to go to Vienna to find him and tell him how much I admired him. So I ask to speak personally to him. What a fascinating man, how kind and attentive he is; he listens to everything I have to say, tells me he is with me all the way; that trip to Moscow — what courage, what a noble action. Let's proceed this way, he says: wait until the last official speeches are over, then I'll announce you from the microphone and you'll be able to make your presentation. Okay, Herr Wiesenthal, don't think me so poorly brought up as to want to speak right away. I'll gladly wait for the slot you, the Chairman, have allowed me.

But right when it ought to be my turn, the Grand Old Man thanks everyone and bows, goes up together with the head table, gives me an annoyed look as if to say, “Look here, we're leaving now, talk if you wish. With all this noise, no one will listen to you anyhow.” Like in Venice! Trying to convey my disgust at the chairman's actions, I get off a few sentences of my presentation, to call attention to Paradjanov, who's a political prisoner like all the others, but no one is really interested in the fate of a fugitive... Thanks, Herr Wiesenthal!

Moral of the story: It's nice to think that Paradjanov is free (but at what price he has been liberated — I shudder to think); at least the story seems to have a happy ending. There remains the battle against Article 121, the fight not to abandon millions of gay and homosexual people to their fate. How so? The Western Communist left act? Until now they haven't lifted a finger, but let's hope for the future. What is certain is the fact that we will not be standing around watching. □

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ATTRACTIVE ENGINEER seeks lasting intimacy. Loving and/or sex mutual, oral only. Not essential but welcome when mutual. You should identify each other following description: Under 45, slim, clean-shaven, little body hair, eumelanoid, modest endowment, non-competitive, non-drug-user, high IQ, rationalist, broad science/technology interests, could be socially retiring. Give your description details please. Box 191, Station T, Toronto, ON M5B 4A1.

ISLINGTON/WEST TORONTO I am a gay European, 36, 5'6", well proportioned, versatile, fun, stuffy, am multi-lingual and have various hobbies. Have own car. Would like to meet younger guy to live, max. 30 to spend free time with love bonds. Would also like to meet other European friends. No drugs please. Meet with photo and phone number will be answered first. Drawer 860.

LOVELY ADULT BUSINESSMAN seeks companionship with others under 45 who are interested in travel, food, books, theatre, and who are self-sufficient. Must be sincere, honest and discreet, and reasonably well educated. I seek a travel companion for a Florida trip in the late fall. Terms negotiable. Drawer 851.

DARK BLOND, BLUE-EYED MALE, 28, 6'4", 195 lbs., very shy and reserved because of my shyness, I seek a very understanding man. I enjoy music, theatre, art and my apartment. Drawer 864.

THIS ATTRACTIVE MALE would like to meet others with similar interests. Likes reading, travel, talking. Have real sex-appeal, but not much into quickies. Am athletic, affectionate, and muscular body, 140 lbs., 5'9", a good-looking 37 years. Drawer 862.

WELL IN TOWN, HAWAIIAN, 25, 5'11", 170 lbs., enjoy tennis, squash, swimming, music and evenings out. Phone number plus address for lasting relationship. Box 485, Station K, Toronto.

GAY PASSIVE 37, 6'3", wants experienced horny Gays/Gay men, early twenties, Asian, slim male, white teeth, but others write too. Enclose photo, and Drawer 811.

PROFESSIONAL YOUNG, 27, seeks friends. I'm a friendly, relaxed person and like eating out, theatre and terms, most of all, enjoy evenings just chatting among friends. It's similar, see me. **Drawer 867.**

WELL ENDOURED, SENSUAL young man wants replies from those who enjoy sensual love-making, casual and semi-regular relationships. Answer all Drawer 865.

AFFECTIONATE TO YOUNG MEN who have privacy. 55, 140 lbs., 5'9". Straight in appearance—like same. Write for phone number. Box 1042, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1G6.

MOUSTACHE, SHORT HAIR, classy very attractive male model, modelling, etc., seeks friends. Rodney 361-1141.

ACCOMPLISHED AMATEUR photographer seeks models. I am a very handsome, muscular, nude artistically erotic posing. Windsor and Southwest Ontario. Toronto area. Send photo to phone to John, Box C3528, Detroit, MI 48193 USA.

AMATEUR MALE MODEL will pose for any very young man or woman. Well-hung with boyish looks, can travel 50 mile radius of Toronto. Will also develop and print your 36mm black and white films. Box 763, Streetsville Postal Station, Mississauga, ON L4W 1G5.

YOUNG ASIAN FRIEND wanted by successful middle-aged businessman, considered attractive. Must be intelligent, sincere, with good interests. Photo please. Drawer 859.

ATTRACTIVE MALE would like to meet from b and gay males. Am 28, 5'8", 145 lbs, into French passive-active, kissing, hives, petting and other enjoyable things. Photo and phone all answered. Drawer 865.

W/M, 30, 5'11", 180 LBS., masculine, bilingual, intelligent, well educated, and well-cultured, considered attractive. Carlton-Jarvis area. Main interests: theatre, music, the arts in general, plants, reading, camping, hiking, cycling, Tai Chi, I enjoy quiet times, food and drink, photo

sophical and political bullshitting, movies, concerts, good smoke and gentle sex. Am to meet, be aware and outgoing masculine guy, around 25-35, with compatible interests, especially someone into outdoor activities, for companion-ship. Would be particularly interested in meeting students of Yang style Tai Chi for practice together. Drawer 8103.

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BISexual WIDOWER with grown family, early sixties, 6'1", 190 lbs., well built, glasses, clean shaven, intelligent, not ready to settle, complex, unlined face, own teeth, once considered "nand", now considered "dandy", distinguished; healthy, potent, vigorous, WASP establishment, in Wh's office, not wealthy, but can afford extensive travel, theatre, good food and good wine, summer cottage, imported cars, etc. I am a friendly, pleasant, kindly, sincere, but not lonely, withdrawn, maladjusted. Have excellent family relations and lots of straight friends. My own age. Would like to meet more youthful males who would enjoy an affectionate, easy-going, non-restrictive relationship with possibilities of travel. You should be intelligent, well-educated, well-mannered and honest. You will find me generous but intolerant of capricious and unreliability. Will attribute to Drawer B102.

ATTRACTIVE MALE seeks young companion, and/or friends. See photo accompanied. Drawer B106.

YOUNGER BROTHER, 20, 5'6", short light-brown hair, good looking, clean-shaven, intelligent, smoking white male university student. Enjoys music, dancing, movies, theatre, belief, books and outdoors. Seeks older brother 22 to 35 with compatible interests for long-term relationship. All sincere replies answered. Drawer B107.

ATTRACTIVE BISexual MALE, 41, enjoys sailing, sailing, music, sex, would like to meet attractive people. Box 97, Station V, Toronto M6S 2A4.

WOULD LIKE TO MEET mature masculine male with own apartment to teach me French and/or Spanish. I am 42, 5'10", slim, easy-going, clean, broadminded and uninhibited. Short beard, married, clean and discreet. Other replies also welcome and answered. Drawer 856.

AM 33, 45, anxious to meet other gay or bi males single or married. Complete discretion assured. Love to meet unfornormed colleagues or professional acquaintances but will answer all. Phone number if possible, but not necessary. Drawer 858.

WELL ENDOURED, SENSUAL young man wants replies from those who enjoy sensual love-making, casual and semi-regular relationships. Answer all Drawer 865.

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35-YEAR-OLD SEEMS GUY under 35, friendship and good times. I'm 5'9", 150 lbs. Write to drawer 864.

BOND, ATTRACTIVE MALE, 23, 6'2", 165 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, tanned, moustache, glasses, seeks older man 30-40 for friendship and/or relationship. Just coming out, wishes to find special man for open relationship. I'm interested in music, books, swimming, dining, walks, love to travel. I can be affectionate, passionate and could respond to my feelings. I'm inexperienced but desire understanding gentleness and sensitive. Not ready to settle. I have a lot of fun, but I'm a little bit of a hussy type, but that is an ideal, though you should be good-looking, intelligent, confident. Not looking for fast sex but hopefully a total sharing relationship with one man. I'm liberal about life and an understanding too. Don't let this opportunity go by. Please reply to Drawer 883.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 34, articulate, well-read, sincere, sensitive and intelligent, not ready to settle, being gay but won't deny it, likes classical music theatre, good food, travel, and books, theatre, and being an intelligent, handsome, blue-eyed blond guy under 25. I'm interested in a relationship. My attraction will be given preference, same for all of the above qualities may be disregarded in sympathetic individuals. Live in Cambridge, but travel to T.O. frequently and may move there. Drawer B106.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 37, 6'11", 190 lbs., discreet, seeks young males 21-30 for good times. Have my own car and like sports and movies. 535-6338.

GAY MALE, 28, desires friends who enjoy outdoor activities, movies, theatre, conversation. Send photo number or write. Drawer B109.

DEDICATED JOGGER seeks jogging partner and/or friends. Running in downtown/Riversdale area. If you do minimum four miles daily, let's hear from you. Begun, and difficulties need not apply. Call 609-0564.

COMING OUT slim attractive masculine gay w/m 28, 5'10", 145 lbs. bilingual clean cut wants to meet young guys who are into friendship and good times. Write and let me about yourself. Photo appreciated, discretion expected and returned. Drawer 856.

29, 5'7", 147 LBS. relatively attractive, socially active, straight as hell, enjoys sailing, sailing, music, dark hair, blue eyes. Tainted artist (portraiture and figurative), interested in art, literature (current and past), literature (D H Lawrence, Thomas Wolfe, Margaret Laurence, Richard Adams), music (Chopin, Harry Chapin, Grace Jones, Frankly Twitty), go to the NAC frequently including theatre, ballet, concerts, am attending the opera series as an experimental experience, enjoy restaurants, am a very good cook, university educated, sincere, good listener, social drinker, non-smoker, like the fresh air, enjoy disco dancing, am not into kinky sex, and am a nice person to know—I have many friends both straight and gay. I'm looking for another person, thoughtful, reliable, intelligent man around my age, who is also reasonably employed, reasonably good looking, and stable—a photo will be appreciated and all answers are confidential. I want to hear from you. If living in Ottawa see B81.

MATURE, ATTRACTIVE Englishman, many interests, but lonely, seeks compatible companion and view to possible ongoing relationship, sincere replies only please. Drawer 858.

AM 33, INTELLIGENT, bilingual, like classical and folk music, bicycling, etc. I seek loyal friendship, possibly of developing a long-term relationship with a male 25 years or older. Drawer B115.

WORKING PROFESSIONAL seeks a young male, white, 25-35, brown hair, eyes, seeks companion for a long-term relationship. I will introduce me to giving him. My interests include art, music and theatre. I am a friendly, well-travelled man. Write to Monica, Sussex Drive, Phone 756-2817, or write: W.E. Bennett, Pdfordcooks B8, E84 240.

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MONTREAL BILINGUAL bisexual academic woman, 38, Fields' philosophy, arts, social sciences, bilingual, travelled, with met articulate and mature (40-50) women friends. Drawer 854.

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SELF-SUFFICIENT, HOME, proud, artistic man to share attractive furnished apartment at Mt. Airie and Yonge with business woman. Own room. \$185 per month. Drawer 870.

RELIABLE, STEADILY-EMPLOYED male 30, seeks same to find and suitable apartment at St. Clair and Yonge. \$81-6126 evenings.

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LETTERS

PRISONER CONFINED in Dorchester Pen would like to see friends. Give penpal from any part of the free world interests include art, music, writing, poetry, etc. Write Bruce Alan Kainer, Drawer A, Dorchester N.E. Canada. (Photo with reply).

MAKE NEW FRIENDS throughout Canada and the U.S. Join GAY MATES, a panpal club for gay men. Write to GAY MATES, P.O. Box 3043, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada.

ATTENTION INMATES: If you are in prison, please contact MOC of the Rockies, P.O. Box 9536, Denver, Colorado 80209.

MENT IN AN OHIO PRISON. I have 1 year to go. My name is Larry A. Smith, I'm 27 years old, single, white, 5'8", 155 lbs. brown hair, blue eyes and I'm gay. I receive no mail. Please write Larry A. Smith at Prison, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, Ohio 43216.

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